

SCREEN AND STAGE *Pantomime* May 27 Weekly 10c



Mary Kessel
in
The Rose of Stamboul
Ira. D. Schwarz Photo

Confessions of a Chorus
Girl

Filmiland's Filth

By Joe Weil

What's the Use of Being
Good?

By Irwin Richard Franklyn

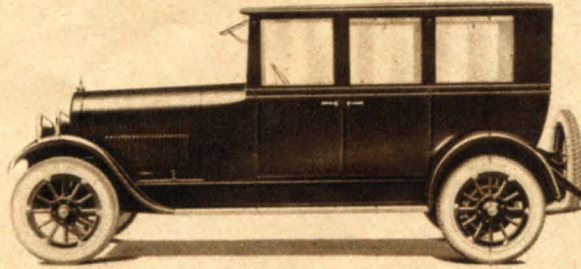
The Arch Villain of
Hollywood

By Myrtle Gebhart

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6 Pilot Automobiles

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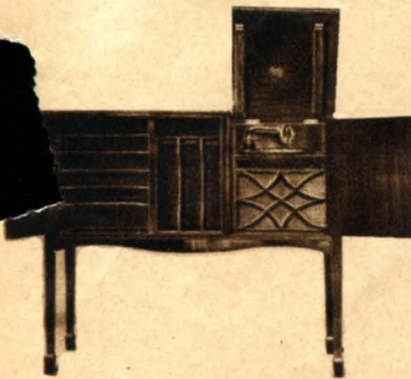
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Sport Touring Car	1500.00
Sport Touring Car	1500.00

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Isabelle Caywood, New York City	36,360
Jose G. Byrd, Hoopston, Ill.	34,480
M. Saifuddin, New York City	28,920
Louis Rumpakis, Portland, Ore.	25,200
A. Merrit Stoteman, Ocean City, N. J.	22,980
Mrs. C. K. Daniels, Little Rock, Ark.	21,740
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George Banta, Long Island City, N. Y.	21,570
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Lester Carson B. Spier, New York City	12,150
H. C. Moore, Defiance, O.	11,400
Mary Burns, New York City	11,250
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Leo A. Chouinard, Lynn, Mass.	1,170
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Mrs. U. R. Schmittroth, Twin Bridges, Mont.	720
Italo De Berardinis, Brooklyn, N. Y.	690
Kristian Nielson, Fernandina, Fla.	650
John V. Gromback, West Point, N. Y.	630
T. J. Anderson, Monson, Me.	630
Mary Kuebler, San Antonio, Tex.	620
Jose A. Rivers, Baltimore, Md.	620
Peter C. Swartz, Jamestown, N. Y.	540
Forrest M. Price, Angleton, Tex.	540
Donato Santoro, Waterbury, Conn.	530
Miss Valma Ziegler, New York City	480
Vera R. Seymour, New Orleans, La.	450
Bella Lehr, Brooklyn, N. Y.	450
Ruth G. Carter, Boston, Mass.	420
Ina Meiswinkel, Crystal Lake, Ill.	420

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Here is Elizabeth Reed winner of the first of the four jobs in the movies Pantomime is offering it's readers. Miss Reed lives at 1760½ North Vine Street, Los Angeles, California. She is five feet five and one half inches tall, and weighs 130 pounds. She has auburn hair and brown eyes. She gave, as her reason for wanting to enter the movies, the terse answer;
"Because I know I can make good."

So I Said to the Press Agent

By Vic and Cliff

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Each week on this page the editor and his chief assistant will chat on this and that, principally that. They intend to express their honest convictions (never too seriously) and do not ask you to agree with them. Nor do they ask you, particularly, to disagree with them. Use your own judgment. There will be some "knocks," a few "boosts" and a general attempt at fairness all around.

"UNIDENTIFIED woman found dead in movie theatre." Simple headlines, those, burying in their curtness happiness and sorrow. The woman was of an age somewhere around sixty, careworn, tired of fruitless dreams. At the end of the show, an usher found her: and the coroner said she had died "a natural death." And—she was smiling!

"How terrible to die that way—alone!" someone cried. But was it terrible? She was enmeshed in transitory happiness, seeing flashed before her upon the silver screen the many beauties of life that had passed her by, the youth that had been since gone, the perfect happiness attainable nowhere else, the fruition of dreams.

"Alone"? Was she? Who knows but that, in the dear old mother-heart of her, she had felt a maternal love for the Mary Pickfords of Pantomime-land, their sweet sincerity in some "mother picture" mayhap easing her heart of memories none too pleasant. Who knows?

"A sad ending," say others. They mean an unconventional ending. Some folks are great on "form" and convention; they carry it even unto the grave with them—we have known men and women who couldn't feel ready to die until all the formalities had been gone through with: tearful farewells, lingering days of agony, heart-breaking dramatics. How much nicer just to drift off to the eternal sleep with a happy, girlish face before you, with love there before your eyes, and a colorful life such as you seldom meet in drab reality.

When our time comes to go, we can think of no better farewells as we start upon the final journey, than the exquisite happiness of some romance on the screen before our eyes. This woman passed from glory to glory, with no interlude of dullness, of grief.

Hers was, methinks, a happy passing.

* * *

Taken at random from Holly's Unabridged:

"Cafeteria" (synonym, "motion picture actress")—a place where you use the arms and help yo'self.

"Lying Lips"—publicity agent.

"False Colors"—red trimming on a blue bathing-suit.

"Foolish Wives"—the only kind there is.

"Home Stuff"—three pounds of raisins and two pickles, hooked up to the gas hose.

"Virtuous Wives"—wives in name only.

"The Dangerous Moment"—when they kiss.

"The Alibi"—something every man carries home with him.

"The Bobbed Squab"—any flapper.

"Scrambled Wives"—a new fashion of doing away with 'em.

* * *

Nanette Nobodhome, the celebrated film star, is a mercenary creature. She believes religion is a poor return for the nickel invested. Sunday mornings, witness her reclining upon her unique chaise-longue embroidered in the hearts of dead suitors, having her weekly seance with the hair-dresser, the manicurist and the massage-wielder.

* * *

Many requests have been received asking for a terse definition of the world "publicity," of which the general public is beginning to hear rumors but with which it is not yet fully acquainted, the pub. gents being such timid creatures and hesitating so to force themselves upon people. When a picture is completed—the actors having done their very worst with a poor plot—and the producers wish to wave the red flag, they direct the "publicity department" to get busy. Now, the work of these modest gents is best described by the words of the dear infant who, hastening home before the storm, was asked by her fond parent, "Is it raining?" and replied ingenuously, "Not yet, but it's talking about it!"

* * *

The Scene spoke of the death of something—probably of Honor. Incense whorls dimly lighted the darkened room with its ghoulish statues of leering gods; a wailing chant came eerily from the cavernous depths. The Batik hangings parted noiselessly; a Woman advanced to the altar and prostrated herself before the heathen god; director and hardened cameraman wept silently. The Woman lifted her imploring face to the idol in one last agonized supplication—ah, what a Scene!

She pleaded. . . Oh, Gawd, for a bottle o' Old Crow!"

* * *

We were talking to one Press Agent, the other day, when another was announced. When you've got bad medicine, take it all at once, is our motto, so we had the second one shown in. The latter, it developed, represented Gwynedd Vernon, who, he modestly admitted, was the real "English Mary Pickford."

Press Agent number one pricked up his ears at that. "What about Alma Taylor?" he asked.

"Nothing doing," said Press Agent number two. "She has no following at all. She can't act. She's a bum."

The funny part of it is that Press Agent number one represents Alma Taylor, and barely a moment before, had been assuring us that Gwynedd Vernon was a bum.

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PORTRAITS

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Our duty is sacred—for Pantomime, the mother of the Moving Picture, determines the future—deter-

mines it because Visualization is the mother of Thought. And Thought controls the destiny of the nation.

Pantomime Papas

Yep, they really have 'em—meaning daddies. Of course, you've seen plenty of photos of the stars with their Mamas. That's old stuff—but good. Makes the ladies seem domestic 'n' everything. But poor old Dad has been left out in the cold. But they have 'em! Below, for instance, is Dorothy Dalton and her Papa. He's a retired business man,



And here, below, we have Master Jackie Coogan and his Daddy, Jack Coogan, Sr. A few years ago Daddy Coogan was quite some pumping on the vaudeville stage. Nowadays he's kept busy managing the business affairs of his wonder-son. But he's not a bit jealous!



Above is Harold Lloyd and his father, snapped in the garden of Harold's Hollywood Home—where all the Lloyds live nowadays. If it weren't for Dad, Harold wouldn't be in the pictures. When he was a kid, his mother discouraged his ambition, but his Dad said, "Let the boy alone."



Above is a picture of Lois Wilson, smiling sweetly at her favorite father. She lives with him—and it might be noted in passing that it is his name and not hers that adorns the doorplate. Also, when she goes out of evenings, Father makes her come home not later than 11:30 o'clock.



Here's Colleen Moore and her Daddy in a highly affectionate pose. Father, whose name is Charles R. Morrison, seems young enough and good-looking enough to be his daughter's sweetheart. He may not look it, but he's really a retired business man.

Why Elizabeth Reed Was Chosen

By HARRY RAPF, PRODUCER

Elizabeth Reed, 23 years old, of Los Angeles, California, is the winner of the first of the four jobs in the movies offered by PANTOMIME Magazine, through its "Big 4" Contest.

It may be interesting to note that Miss Reed's photograph, with her entry blank, was received nearly three weeks before the ending of the "From Rags to Riches" contest. Mr. Rapf, in the following article, gives an analysis of all the reasons that entered into the choosing of Miss Reed from the thousands that entered.—THE EDITOR.

MISS ELIZABETH REED won a place in the cast of "From Rags to Riches," the first of four productions in which I will use a reader of PANTOMIME, by a matter of eight pounds in weight!

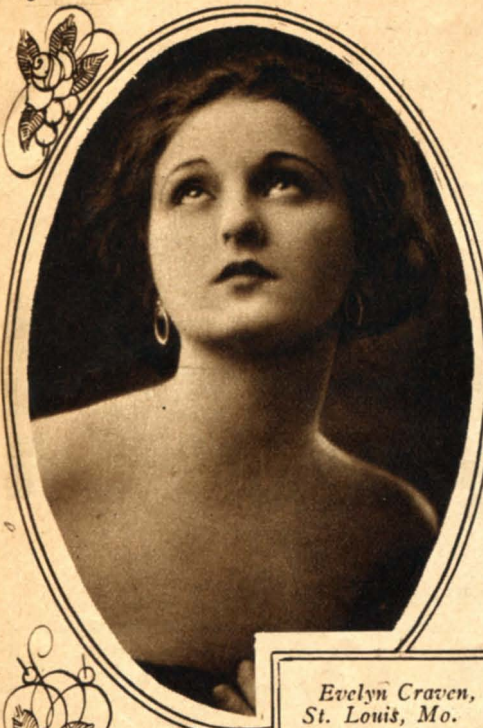
It may seem a strange reason for selecting a young woman for a part in motion pictures—that of mere weight—but it was the slight advantage which enabled her to score above three other entries in the "Big 4" Contest.

When the judging was first started Miss Reed was classified and graded under four distinctive types—"Wistful," "Appealing," "Beauty" and "Ingenué."

Taking an average of her grades in each of the four classes we found that she graded among the first five of all the entries. These gradings were on general qualifications, and were not so finely drawn as to indicate the actual standing of the contestants. Five others who ranked below her in type class averages were also included in the final ten selected for minute examination.

Only six were eliminated by the first fine grading. Two of those who had been graded with Miss Reed lost their standing when everything had been graded, while one who had been put below her came up to an even standing with her.

With four persons having an equal standing, the really small things in connection with the qualifications of a motion picture actress were taken into consideration. The color of her eyes—brown—gave her a slight advantage over



Evelyn Craven,
St. Louis, Mo.



Gladys Bowman,
Decatur, Ill.



Zouleka C. McDonald,
Spokane, Wash.



Sara Rushin,
Athens, Ga.



Marjorie Murphy,
Western Springs, Ill.



Adele Betty,
New York City.



Frania Varaksa,
New York City.



Anna Servello,
Brockton, Mass.



Rhca F. Porter,
Venice, Calif.



Dolly Darling,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

For "From Rags To Riches"

OF THE PICTURE

another entry whose eyes were blue. Both had hair of the same color, but the fact that auburn hair photographs nearly black would tend to indicate that Miss Reed's eyes would register better before the motion picture camera than would those of her rival. Blue eyes register finely, but in conjunction with hair that photographs nearly black are apt to look too light in the finished picture.

Feature by feature the final four were judged and graded and it finally came down to a case of where Miss Reed stood alone—except for one other—as the possessor of the better qualifications.

Here is where the question of weight became the deciding factor. Health is the greatest essential of a motion picture actress. A sickly girl is worthless in a motion picture studio. She may be a great actress; she may have the qualifications of a Bernhardt, but if she is not in perfect health no producing company has any use for her. Some stars can take days off because of a headache, but the girl who is just starting has to be on the job every day

and looking her best. Once a picture is started a substitute cannot be used for her role, and the running of a studio is too expensive to take chances on having it idle while some member of the cast is recovering from an indisposition.

So Miss Reed, with her 130 pounds and five feet five and one-half inches of height, has a weight that indicates, as nearly as weight can, perfect health.

The other girl was of the same height, but weighed but 122. The additional eight pounds gave Miss Reed the advantage that caused her to be chosen as the winner of the role in "From Rags to Riches."

Early in the contest it was decided that the names of those who graded highest, next to the winner, would not be announced because they are still eligible for the other three positions. All the others who have sent in photographs are also eligible and those who send in their entries between now and June 15th are eligible for the second, a job at \$100 a week in "Little Heroes of the Street," which will go into production on July 1st.



Natie Shaver,
Philadelphia, Pa.



Mildred Fennell,
New York City.



Carolyn L. Duffy,
New York City.



Frances Richards,
Washington, D. C.



Pauline Hampton,
Dallas, Tex.



Wanda M. Soll,
Chicago, Ill.



Betty D. Smith,
Newport News, Va.



Angeline Bailey,
Chicago, Ill.



Lillian Smith,
Philadelphia, Pa.



Helen Vallas,
Weymouth, Mass.

Pantomime Paragraphs

By Myrtle Gebhart



SPENT the day at the Hal Roach studios. I know "Spring has come"—for Mildred Davis was all in tan linen with a trim little straw hat. Mildred is the springiest thing yet. Her frock was a 12-year-old size

—we swapped our tales of woe about getting clothes small enough. And it wasn't new—and it cost \$15. Who says all the filmfolk squander their money on clothes? Incidentally, here's a secret—I promised Mildred I wouldn't tell, 'cause the folks at the studio don't know it yet. But they will by the time this is printed—she can't keep her hat on forever! Mildred has bobbed her hair. I could spank that child—those beautiful golden curls. But



Mildred Davis has gone and done it! Admiring fans won't have the pleasure of seeing pretty Mildred's beautiful tresses any more, as the sweet child had her hair bobbed.

it looks real cute, tiny golden ringlets about her piquant little face.

Rodolph Valentino's got chuletas. But don't rush for your homes, ladies, 'tisn't smallpox or anything catching. It's sideburns. He wears 'em in "Blood and Sand" and they're the swoopiest sideburns ever I saw—they reach half an inch below the bottom of his ears. A picador, Rodolph explained to me, is permitted sideburns halfway down the ear—but the matador alone may indulge in a hirsute adornment that covers a good portion of each side of the face.

Lester Cuneo is doing an airship story and does a thrilling nosedip. Lester has more ambition than sen—well, than I have.

GLORIA SWANSON gave the baldheads something to dream about when she appeared at the Ambassador with painted leg—ah, limbs. She had 'em fixed that way for scenes in "Her Gilded Cage," in which she plays a French singer—apparently in gay Paree the audience looks at the entertainer's limbs instead of listening to her sing—and didn't have time to remove the hand-painted designs before dinner. Oh, yes, dear, chemically pure, she wore stockings.



Gloria Swanson gave the baldheads something to dream about when she appeared at the Ambassador with painted leg—ah, limbs.

Welford Beaton, brother of K. C. B., has joined the publicity department of Universal. He went out there to interview Carl Laemmle for a magazine, decided he liked the place, selected a desk in the pub. dept. and settled down. Just like that. Easy, what? I've been out there lots of times and all I could ever corral was bean soup at the cafeteria.

Helen Ferguson's beautiful maroon sedan came to grief when it met up with another car and suffered a smashed fender and internal injuries. Helen wasn't hurt, thank goodness. There are some folks hereabouts that I'd like to see in the hospital, but Helen is *not* one of them. She's a great girl—and her mother does make the nicest cake ever.

Made a startling discovery—Paul Bern, Goldwyn scenario editor, has a dual personality. When East he gave a serious lecture at Columbia University one afternoon—and saw a Broadway show that evening. He must have been wearing his Columbia manner when he read that story of mine—

Hal Roach entertained on his cruiser, the *Gypsy*, for the officers of the Tuna Club. Mr. Roach is an enthusiastic fisherman. So am I. The only difference between us is that he catches something—occasionally. And all I ever got was a cold.

Billy Bevan was the victim of mistaken identity twice in the same day. At breakfast time his wife sent him to the store for some eggs and he went in shirtsleeves. A well-known director breezed into the store, saw Billy counting out his hen-fruit and exclaimed: "Hello, Bill; I didn't know you were working here. Get fired? Slip me a dozen quick." Later in the day Billy went downtown to secure some evening papers which Harry Tate of the London Follies had asked him to mail. Obtaining ten papers from a newsboy, he started home, but didn't get far before an old gentleman thrust a nickel in his hand and grabbed the sporting edition. Hereafter, says Billy, he will wear his make-up continuously, except while in the bathtub.

Selznick is threatening to spend millions of dollars on productions here. Well, who's kicking? Let 'em. Elaine Hammerstein and the rest of the family will arrive soon. They plan to make "Rupert of Hentzau" and "The Easiest Way."

Jackie Coogan, filming "Oliver Twist," and Irving Cummings will try out the new talking pictures in making their present productions. When shown locally, the words accompanying the scenes will be sent to theatres all over the country by wireless telephone.

Colleen Moore does a novel "Bug Dance" in "The Bitterness of Sweet." She thought it up all by herself.

The George Walsh-Seena Owen-Estelle Taylor suit goes merrily on. Last night it stood this way: Seena had filed suit for divorce, naming Estelle as co-respondent; George counter-filed, saying it wasn't so and a lot of other things; Estelle demands \$200,000 for injury to her reputation. I'm afraid to look at this morning's paper—I can't keep up with more than ten or fifteen suits at once.

WILL he or won't he? I mean Wally Reid. He stoutly avers that he will drive in the races at Indianapolis on Decoration Day—and Mr. Lasky says he won't, because he might lose his head or something and that would never do for a star. So the battle goes merrily on. I'm betting on Wally.



Wally Reid is determined to enter the Indianapolis Auto Races on Decoration Day, but his boss refuses to permit him taking any risks.

Doug Fairbanks may be going in the tonsorial business, from the looks of his home. Tom Geraghty started a practical joke when he sent Doug a 1922 model barber chair in which his valet might shave him every morning. Then Bennie Ziedman carried it a bit farther by having set up in front of "Pick-fair" a striped barber pole. Who'll donate the razor?

They were having a hot time with a goat in the animal company—it ate a lot of film right out of a camera!

In "Her Man" for Marshall Neilan, Matt Moore and Leatrice Joy appear in small-town make-up with moles on their cheeks. "Now, Matt, say something loving to her," coached Neilan. "Ah, here you are: My little molemate!"

Myrtle Lind, former bathing-beauty, has filed suit for divorce. She and her hubby had a fuss about an automobile—she said he gave it to his first wife or something. A while back Myrtle threatened to name Wife No. 1 as co-respondent. Well, this divorce business *does* keep husbands circulating.

APRIL 1ST was a bad day for Tommy Meighan. First, his nice wife put salt in the sugar-bowl, which didn't sweeten Tommy's disposition any. Then at the studio, Wallie Reid poked his head in the dressing-room and informed him that the boss had declared a holiday, so Tommy removed his make-up and sauntered out on the lot like a "Philadelphialawyer."



All things come in threes. April 1st proved to be Tommy Meighan's red-letter day, with 3 mishaps to his credit.

Why in the Sam Hill aren't you made-up?" inquired his director, adding a few more explosives which I, in my girlish modesty, omit. Wallie reclined upon a bench and laughed his head off. The third time Tommy fell was in a love scene with Lois Wilson. Lois put some garlic in a piece of paper and held it in her mouth while Tommy had to kiss her. Tommy was somewhat glad when the day was over.

Darling Dickie

By DORIS BENTON

EDITOR'S NOTE.—A rather timid little girl, wearing the bobbed hair, cocked hat, flat heels and short skirts of the present-day flapper, arrived at Inspiration Pictures studio one morning recently, presented her credentials which showed she was on the staff of one of the high school magazines in New York City, and said she wanted to interview Richard Barthelmess. After spending a half hour with him, she wrote the following impression of her visit.

ALTHOUGH I wouldn't admit to the rest of the girls, it took all of my courage to enter the studio of Inspiration Pictures one eventful evening, in spite of the fact that I was just crazy to see and talk with Richard Barthelmess. Every one of the girls in the crowd up at school, you see, has a violent crush on him, and I was certainly envied when I was selected to interview him. I walked past the studio twice before going in, and if it hadn't been for the fact that I knew the rest of the girls would snap up the chance, I would have gone back.

However, just as soon as I got in, I realized I had made a mistake. Honest, I never would have guessed such a great star could be so easy to get acquainted with. Why, he's just as cozy as my own big brother, only lots handsomer, of course. He had on a soldier's uniform, and was sitting in a chair reading when I came up. He was out of that chair like lightning:

"Won't you sit down?" he said to me, just like the hero treats the heroine on the stage. I guess I stuttered some, and know I tripped over my own feet twice, but I finally managed to get in the chair, crossed my legs, then uncrossed them, remembering what Dad had said to me at breakfast. And Mr. Barthelmess's eyes twinkled ever so merrily, and he said: "Really, you know, you oughtn't to mind. Everybody's doing it nowadays."

"You know," he went on, talking easily so as to make me feel comfortable, "lots of times I wish I were back in my high school days again. Old Cicero and his 'O tempora! O Mores!' that I used to gallop through with the aid of a pony would sound pretty good to me right now. I guess I could even dispense with that fiery steed that helped me over the rough spots."

But I don't believe he ever used one, because he's awfully educated, and talks about Shelley and Byron, the fine arts, advanced drama and all that sort of stuff as freely as Augustus Thomas.

Girls, if you think you know how good looking Dick Barthelmess is, you've got another guess coming. There's so much of him that the pictures can't even show. For instance, that patent leather hair of his, which he mussed up some in 'Tol'able David,' has got soft shiny lights in it, and it's crisp and strong looking.

His jaw clicks decidedly when he talks, and I bet there'd be no disputing who won the argument if he made up his mind about a cer-

tain thing. His eyes are awfully kind and sympathetic, though—you know—the kind of man who loves his dog and little children and all that sort of thing. He says he's twenty-



Miss Benton found Barthelmess in decorative attire.



Doris found the studios awfully wicked. She actually found Dickie Barthelmess drinking tea with Lucy Fox—and—horrors, it was brewed in a coffee pot!

four years old. Well, when he gets to discussing things in general, he could pass for thirty, but when he and I got to talking about school days, I would have been willing to bet he wasn't one day over eighteen.

Remembering what I had come for, one of the first questions I asked him was:

"Do you think the girls nowadays—the flappers—are bolder and less ladylike than the old-fashioned girls, Mr. Barthelmess?"

I wish you could have seen him laugh. He fairly roared. I bet I saw everyone of his thirty-two teeth.

"Heavens, no," he answered. "Girls will be girls, just as boys will be boys. The flapper, after all, is a title they have given to the fash-

ion and not the girl underneath. Short skirts give her freedom of action, so she's healthier. Bobbed hair saves her time in dressing, and goodness knows, in these days of efficiency, anything that can save time recommends itself. Besides, look how cute they look." And here he looked right at me, and I was glad I'd had a bobbed wave that day before, and that I'd powdered my nose that second time I passed the door.

Then I asked him if he thought girls ought to leave school to go on the stage or into the motion pictures. I asked him that because, you know, there were three of the girls at school so wild to become actresses, I thought that would be a good point to bring out. He got real stern looking:

"See here, I went through prep school and college," he said to me. "And I don't feel I know half enough yet to put me at the top of the heap in this business. I have to study and read all the time. Any girl who thinks she can get ahead in dramatics without a good, solid foundation of learning, is a failure right at the start. Her pretty face may land her in the front row of the chorus, but there she'll stay while she's young, and pass an uneventful age in the Home for Aged Women. There's no short cut to success. Study comes first."

Then he smiled, and said—

"I don't want to lecture you, you know, but I know you haven't any such ideas, have you?" And I said: "No, but some of the girls have." And he said: "Well, disillusion them, won't you?" And I said I would, so I have.

Just then, there came a call through the studio for: "Mr. Barthelmess." And he said: "I'm on in this scene; don't you want to come around and watch me?" So I did. Everything turned green when he got to where the cameras were. He said that was the lights.

The scene was a big drawing room in which a beautiful, blind lady, was sitting with her hand on the dog, and the prettiest little girl was standing at the door. The lights began to burn bright and the cameras began to grind. A big man with a megaphone shouted something, and Dick rushed in and hugged the girl (she was supposed to be his sister, and I wished it was me). Then he went over to the pretty blind lady, knelt down and said, "Mother," and put his arms around her, and I found myself crying.

I guess that's why we girls like him so much. He's so human, as our professor would say.

Oh, I most forgot. After we got through with the interview, he insisted that I have tea with him there. So I did, even though it was only eleven o'clock in the morning. He sat on a camp stool and I sat in a rocking chair. A funny looking man with a queer accent brought on the tea in big, thick cups, and passed man's-sized sandwiches, but they tasted awfully good.

I've made up my mind I'm going into the pictures, too, but not till after I finish school and college and read Byron and Shelley.

"Go-Get-'Em Hutch"

By HERBERT CROOKER

Adapted From the Pathe Photoplay Serial by Frank Leon Smith

(Continued from last week)

HUTCH waved them adieu and swung from the ship to the tug where Margie and Dariel waited. Another wave from McClelland told the pilot aboard the ship that he could start the engines. Hutch watched his vessel steam down the river with deep satisfaction. Again he had fooled his hidden enemies. His thoughts were interrupted, however, by Margie Dailey.

"Take these glasses," she said, "and tell me if you see the same thing I do?"

"Why!" Hutch exclaimed, "it's that same man, Paul, who worked with Mott. He's in the lunch with the others! Full steam! After them!"

McClelland was right, and at that moment Hilton Lennox was cursing his ally for showing himself too conspicuously on the launch. With Fay Vallon, Lennox had watched the maneuvers of the ship, and with considerable annoyance he had seen it turned back from Shark's Tooth Ledge.

"Get back out of sight, Paul!" he ordered. His words were greeted with a shower of rain. The sky immediately became darker and the wind whistled ominously about him.

"Get out there on the bow and make that anchor fast before the storm hits us," Lennox commanded Paul. "It'll go overboard!"

And then with hurricane force, with lightning, thunder and rain, the squall struck the harbor and turned daylight into night. The tug, guided by Margie, with Hutch and Dariel peering over the rail, continued the pursuit after the launch. They saw Paul climbing the bow of the smaller craft, and both gasped as a huge wave carried him overboard.

"Oh!" gasped Dariel. "Save him, Hutch! Save him! They are leaving him to drown!"

Hutch signaled to the wheelhouse and Margie steered the tug in the direction that McClelland indicated. A moment later, Hutch threw out the life-line and with the aid of a few deck-hands, Paul, wet and miserable, was dragged aboard.

Later, when the storm had subsided and its victim was dry and warm, a most interesting story was told.

"In the first place," Paul began, "if you think you can beat Lennox and the foreigners who are trying to get hold of your shipping line, you're mighty mistaken—unless, unless you can get onto their plans. And the only way you can do that is by taking a look at your estate at Cliffdale." McClelland and Dariel exchanged glances.

"Now listen," continued Paul. "I know what I'm talking about. I'm the heliograph operator on a schooner yacht owned by the foreigners and they're in heliograph communication with Lennox up there every other day."

"But—" Hutch began.

"Wait a minute! What I mean is, you can sneak up there, get onto their code somehow and find out what's going on. Lennox is a crook, and—and you've just saved my life. Say the word and I'll help you."

"By Jove, Paul, you're on! Thanks for the tip! We'll fool 'em yet!"

"But my affairs are involved in this and I'm going to help," Dariel declared. "Can't I get on the yacht as a stewardess, or—or something?"

"They need a stenographer," answered Paul. "Perhaps you could do the work."

The McClelland home, on the New York side of the Hudson, had been closed since the death of Hutch's father, as the young man had been living at his club in town since his return from abroad. But now, eager to act on the information he had gained, Hutch hastened to his estate to learn the secret of the heliograph code.

At the same time, two of our old friends were enjoying the hospitality of the McClelland home—Fay Vallon and Hilton Lennox.

"You see," Lennox was telling the girl, "the young ass, McClelland, has no idea that we are using his home, and it's just the proper location for us all to keep in communication with each other."

"But, suppose he should come?" Fay asked. "What will warn us?"

"Ah!" Lennox smiled. "I have taken care of that possibility. I have installed a protection against an intruder, be it a burglar, or the young gentleman himself."

Fay Vallon began to examine the room. The old furniture and marine decorations fascinated her. She walked to one end of the huge room and started to open a door.

"Look out!" shouted Lennox. "Don't open that door—it fires a gun!" And telling her to look through the keyhole, Lennox explained how he had rigged up a loaded shotgun at almost every door, with a contrivance that would fire the gun should the door be opened.

"That will give anyone the surprise of his young life," smiled Lennox, "and might also be rather unpleasant on the shins."

"Can't we have a widow open?" Fay asked, when he had finished. "It's so hot and close in here." Lennox bowed his assent and Fay opened a window.

"Now come upstairs," Lennox said, "and I'll show you the rest of the place."

Hardly had the two departed when Hutch McClelland made his entrance through the very window that Fay Vallon had so conveniently opened. He looked about carefully and then walked down the main hall, approaching the door that Lennox had warned Fay

about. As he turned to walk back, the wind, coming through the window of the living-room, unlatched the door and caused it to open slightly.

Hutch turned about quickly. Again the door moved, and Hutch, becoming suspicious, advanced toward it stealthily. He wondered who could be behind the door and just what he ought to do about it. A flying leap might be the best thing. The attacker always had the advantage, in his way of thinking. Looking about carefully, he seized the knob of the door and quickly pulled it open—a loud report followed, filling the air with smoke and the smell of powder.

CHAPTER VIII

The Broken Life Line

Hilton Lennox and his charming partner, Fay Vallon, were both extremely startled to hear the discharge of the gun. Leaving their hiding place upstairs, they scurried down. There were no signs of Hutch. When the gun exploded, McClelland had sprung back out of the way, and upon hearing the approaching foot-

steps he had concealed himself in a corner of the huge room.

"The door was probably opened by the draft from the window," Fay declared to Lennox, and not suspecting that Hutch was in the room, both started up the stairs again, as they expected the heliograph messages to be sent from the schooner any moment.

Having overheard enough of the conversation, Hutch McClelland determined to investigate the heliograph messages from the outside. Consequently, he leaped out of the window he had entered and walked around the house looking for a suitable place where he could climb to the roof and secure a position of vantage.

Meanwhile, in the cupola on the McClelland house, Fay and Lennox were transmitting messages from the yacht. Lennox watched the ship through a pair of binoculars, while Fay wrote down the message as he received it.

"BDS—MLG—CORFD—SBJ—" he read, which was promptly written down by Fay.

About this time, Hutch, having succeeded in scaling the side of the house, was cautiously approaching the cupola. Stealthily raising himself on one elbow, he saw that the two conspirators were busily working with their backs toward him. He quickly reached in through the window, and, without attracting the attention of Lennox or Fay, succeeded in securing one of the papers the two folks had been using. When he attempted to read it, however, he realized that it was useless without the key with which to translate the code.

While all this was going on, Dariel Bainbridge had been successful in getting aboard the schooner with the help of Paul. In her steno-



The tug continued the pursuit, with Hutch and Dariel peering over the rail.

graphic duties she had kept her eyes wide open, hoping to obtain the desired code book. She watched Paul, fascinated, as he operated the heliograph, and puzzled her brains when the answer came back from the tower of the McClelland mansion. The code book, however, was being closely guarded by one of the foreign capitalists.

But the leading characters of our story on the yacht were all so busily engrossed in their own affairs that they did not notice the window curtains in an adjoining cabin had caught fire from a lamp on the bulkhead. The blaze had gotten well under way before they became aware of their danger. Paul rushed to the door of the cabin and threw it open. The place was swamped with smoke and flames, Dariel rushed for a fire extinguisher, but Paul warned her that the flames were getting dangerously near an oil barrel and that it would be safer to abandon ship.

The foreigners aboard were rushing about the deck excitedly and gesticulating, while the deck hands were making preparations to cast off in a small boat that had been floating astern. One of the capitalists forgot himself in his excitement and attempted to throw the precious code book into the water, but the book struck the waterway of the vessel and fell back on deck, where it was snatched up by Dariel a moment later.

Fay and Lennox, in the cupola, began to wonder why the messages ceased to come from the ship, and looking through their marine glasses they saw the fire, much to their dismay. Hutch McClelland, hearing their exclamations, was aghast when he realized that Dariel was aboard the burning schooner. Sliding down the cornice, he dropped to an awning below, and another jump found him on terra firma, rushing toward the high palisade that overlooked the river.

Suddenly an idea struck him. In the tiny lookout built by his father, there had always been a life gun and breeches buoy, kept

Paul waved them an adieu, keeping the flames well away from the mast with his buckets of water. He assured Hutch that he could make the shore without any difficulty.

They had almost reached the cliff when Hutch looked back and saw the flames eating hungrily at the mast. "I don't think we'll make it," he told Dariel. "Get ready for a crash when the rope breaks."

Hardly had he spoke when the flames parted the line on the mast. Like a human pendulum, Hutch and Dariel swung toward the cliff, but fortunately, the ship end of the line caught in a tree at the base of the cliff and eased their fall. The two young people dangled in the breeches buoy about halfway up the cliff.

"I've got it!" Hutch suddenly exclaimed. "You could never climb up the cliff, Dariel. You hold tight to the buoy and I'll hang onto the rope and jump. My weight will carry you to the top and then I can climb up."

Carrying out his plan, unheeding Dariel's protests, Hutch clung to the rope and started downward, while the buoy with Dariel



Hardly had the two departed when Hutch entered by the same window Fay Vallon had so conveniently opened.

there for a souvenir than anything else. It might serve its ancient purpose. In a few moments later the powder charge was ready, the projectile loaded, and the rope sticking out the end of the gun. Hutch secured the other end of the rope to a nearby tree, took careful aim and pulled the firing lanyard. The discharge followed and the rope whizzed through the air, true to its aim.

From his position on the cliff, Hutch saw the projectile being pulled aboard the schooner and fastened to the mast by two tiny figures who he imagined to be Dariel and Paul. As soon as the rope became taut, he attached the other necessary line to it and prepared the breeches buoy.

On board the flames were gradually becoming thicker and thicker. "You climb the mast and wait for McClelland," Paul suggested. "I'll stay at the bottom and try to stop the approach of the flames with buckets of water."

"But you must escape as well as I," Dariel protested. "Don't worry about me," replied Paul. "I'm a good swimmer, I can make shore without any trouble when the time comes." But, he added, "I fancy that the water is not any to warm."

Dariel climbed the mast and waited anxiously for Hutch. As the line made a steep incline from the cliff, young McClelland made short work of arriving on the vessel in his breeches buoy. In another minute he had helped Dariel into the breeches and started pulling the other line to take him on the journey back to the cliff.



Hutch finally managed to get his man down, and was throttling him.

started slowly to the top of the cliff. Arriving safely at the top, Dariel got out of the buoy and watched Hutch anxiously as he began his slow journey up.

Meanwhile, Lennox and Fay had been watching the operations anxiously. His last message had been that the Atlantic Lumber Co. would offer two cargoes for the McClelland ships. He determined to prevent this. They were about to leave the McClelland house in Lennox's car when that gentleman suddenly remembered that he had left some important papers in the house. Leaving Fay in the car he started back.

At this moment, Fay looked out of the car and saw Dariel and Hutch approaching through the underbrush. As she had no desires of seeing them—or rather, of being seen, she quickly climbed out of the other side of the car and fled.

"Why!" Hutch exclaimed. "There's Lennox's car! I'm going to hunt that man up and have a show down. You wait here, Dariel." With that Hutch dashed toward the house, and Dariel, tired and weary climbed into the comfortable seat in the rear of the car to await his return.

Just as McClelland entered the main hall of the house, Lennox heard him and made a hasty retreat through a rear window. Hutch arrived barely in time to see him running from the house, and started after him. Lennox hurried for his car, leaped in and started the engines before Dariel could protest.

"We've got to hurry, Fay," he said, and then turned with startled eyes to see that his passenger was not Fay, but Dariel. Realizing that there was no time to stop, he gave the car more gas, not heeding Dariel's screams of protest.

But Hutch McClelland had heard the cry and was frantic. He looked about excitedly for something to take up the pursuit in. The first thing he saw was a motorcycle with a carry-all attached to the side. Knowing that the machine belonged to his caretaker, Hutch leaped in and started the cylinders humming. Like a shot out of a cannon, he started down the road after the disappearing car.

(Continued next week)

The Arch Villain of Hollywood

By MYRTLE GEBHART

"**R**EALLY, I'm not as bad as I paint myself!"

There was a quizzical light in Clarence Burton's eyes and he chuckled with appreciation when I told him how I had dreaded interviewing him. There is a very great deal of Clarence Burton and there is such a little tiny bit of Me and that bit very precious to—well, my mother. And Mr. Burton has a reputation for treating unprotected young ladies very rough. In his 287 various villain-characterizations, he has kicked the poor heroine over the cliff, locked her in the safe, tied her on a railroad track (his favorite method of doing away with her) and, when feeling real ferocious, has strangled her. Hence it was with some trepidation that I met him.



*When he isn't playing the villain he visits orphan asylums—
and always takes gifts with him.*

But, sitting there on an empty truck on the open-air Lasky stage, with the midday sun streaming down upon us in white-hot flashes of glare, I realized that this being a villain is after all only a job.

"And I leave my job with my make-up at the studio," laughed the archdeacon of heinousness, "Silly people have asked me if being the 'badest bad man' of so many pictures had effected my own temperament! But as I have been married for some years—and my wife remains in love with me—I may be not quite so bad in reality as I paint myself upon the screen."

"This being a villain is purely a thought proposition," he continued after I had been sniffled at and approved by "Nickie," his bulldog. "I have played every type of bad man on the screen except a Chinaman."

"Where do I get my types? Occasionally from books, but mostly from the streets; the foreign sections of town. Perhaps I have been more or less successful in delineating Mexican characters because of my traipsing around Mexico as a kid. Cecil B. de Mille wanted me to portray the one-eyed Mexican in 'Fools Paradise' but was afraid I couldn't make up for the part realistically. But I went into consultation with an oculist and by experimentation we achieved the eye make-up which has been so commented upon."

By means of "stickum" preparation—which, by the way, he is soon to patent—he closed one eye without giving the usual tensely drawn expression when the eye is held shut by facial contraction. His method of applying the "stickum" and creams to the eyelids releases the other muscles of the face so that they have full play. The scar and running sore at the corner of the eye were ingeniously made with grease paints and liquids, very messy to "wear" but which certainly gave an unpleasant realistic touch to his face.

"No, I don't like character make-up," he answered my question. "I prefer the straight society villain, for in such a characterization there is more opportunity to mirror thought. And it is more suspen-

sive. When a Mexican comes upon the scene, immediately he is cast as the villain in the spectator's mind; he doesn't have to do anything wicked—he merely looks it. And once he is classified there is no suspense. But with a 'straight' or society-villain one is not sure what his future action may be; he places himself by *thought* expression rather than by physical manifestation. I detest those old-timey 'physical villains.' The public is growing beyond them—they are happily more scarce today. Psychology is invading villainy as everything else. The day of physical violence is past; the villain is growing more subtle. In life crooks do not brand themselves; they are clever thinkers.

Mr. Burton takes issue with the public for not paying more attention to what is going on upon the screen. One fellow is making love to his girl, another is reading his program; the ladies are studying each other's dresses. Consequently important action is liable to pass unnoticed if you don't first give a sort of cue. Before you strike a man, for instance, you must forewarn the audience of the impending blow by some facial expression, or it will be over so quickly that they will not be prepared for it. It is like saying, 'Hey! Watch me,' and leads to an unconscionable amount of posing. Burton has victimized the heroine in a dress suit and a mustache and in Western toggerly; he has worn high hats and low manners—and sombreros and chaps and still worse manners. But he never yet has worn a wig!

"One bad thing about this business of villaining," he confessed ruefully, "is that I seldom live to the end of the picture. No, I hardly ever reform. Frankly, though, I am glad of that. It is so difficult to reform convincingly. So, if there is going to



He has victimized ladies in all sorts of costumes—here he is, for instance, practicing his villainy on Lila Lee.

be any doubt about it, I'd rather die off and have done with it!"

He was hurt badly in a scene for a Bill Russell picture some time ago. "We were taking the picture down at Santa Barbara and the director had engaged as extras for the election campaign schemes a number of local people," he explained. "There was one raw-boned hick from up-country who had never before seen a motion picture made and didn't know the meaning of 'pulling your punch.' I was supposed to try to break away from the crowd and the director ordered them to stop me. This chap took it literally and halted me with a wallop that broke my nose."

Incidentally, Burton looked up the fellow who had "stopped" him so realistically. He became interested in the young fellow and got him a permanent job with the company!

Confessions of a Chorus Girl

Being Some Inside Facts on the Life of a Musical Comedy Maid.

I WAS born in a little Ohio town where folks think badly of anyone connected with theatricals. Like most girls who are brought up surrounded by hard-working people, who earn little and receive less, I yearned to break away from my drab existence and see the world.

An occasional newspaper from the big cities would be left in the restaurant where I was employed as cashier by some traveling salesman. I would read every line of those papers, and as I read I would become more and more disgusted with the lot fate had bestowed upon me.

My father was the type of man who can be found in most small towns. He was born where he lived. After he had received a few years of common school education, his father got him a job in one of the mills, where he worked from morning till night, never knowing or caring what was happening in the outside world. When he was twenty he married my mother, who was the daughter of the mill's foreman. She, too, knew or cared nothing about life in the big cities, and after marrying my father, they settled down in a little house near the mills to spend the rest of their days.

As I grew older I watched my brother, who, like myself, was dragged up rather than raised. When he reached his fourteenth year, my father thought it was time for him to enter the world of commerce, so another child, born of poor parents, was thrown into the world, deprived of education, home and breeding.

I couldn't bear to see my mother slave to keep our little home going, and I made up my mind that I would rather die than become the wife of some greasy and uncouth mill hand who married for the purpose of getting someone to do his cooking and housework without having to pay a salary for it. I refused to be a human drudge for some unsophisticated beast who regarded his wife as a human machine created for the purpose of breeding children who would grow up as their father—ignorant beasts who knew nothing but the mechanisms of their factory machines and heeded no calls except the blast of the mill's whistle.

I, too, was placed in the mills at an early age, but circumstances and fate intervened and I was soon discharged. I went from one position to another until I became cashier at the cafe in the town's only hotel.

When I was sixteen, my father introduced me to one of his fellow workers—probably with the idea of "marrying me off."

I repulsed the man's attentions, and scorned my father's threats. I told him frankly that I didn't intend to spend my life over a washtub as my mother had done. His answer was a blow—with his fist, too! Packing my few belongings into an old suit-case, I climbed from my window to the yard beneath and ran away. That was the last time I ever set eyes upon my family or home.

A few years later I wrote to my mother, saying that I would return home to see her again, but my father answered the letter telling me that he no longer considered me a daughter, and that I wasn't wanted.

After I left home that evening, I walked to the next town and worked as a dishwasher in a restaurant. From there I went to Cleveland, where I worked for starvation wages. Finally, by denying myself everything on earth that I wanted I managed to save enough to buy a ticket to New York.

Soon after my arrival in New York I discovered, to my sorrow, that business firms had no use for inexperienced girls. I went from one place to another in search of work, and within the week I found myself without funds—or a place to sleep.

After leaving the offices of a large restaurant company who had advertised for waitresses, unsuccessful in my attempts to find employment, I decided to appeal for aid to a well-dressed woman who was standing on a nearby street corner waiting for a car.

When I first approached her she looked upon me with scorn—but my story seemed to touch her heart, and she finally took me into a restaurant where she instructed the waitress to give me anything that I wanted and to send the bill to Miss Dolly R——s (which was her name) at the —— Theatre.

That night I went to the stage door of the theatre and learned that she was the star. She had her maid bring me into her dressing-room.

"Did you ever do chorus work?" she asked.

I said "no." She hesitated a moment and then said she would introduce me to her manager, who might find room for me in one of his companies if I was found adaptable.

The next morning, bright and early, found me in the inner office of John S——d. Dolly had phoned him of my coming, and he consented to see me at once.

He asked me if I had ever been on the stage before, and upon hearing that I had no experience, smiled and said that he was sorry, but that there was no room for me. I pleaded for a chance, and I don't know whether it was the sincere way in which I spoke or whether he consented to grant me an opportunity to show what I could do just to rid himself of me. At any rate, he led me from his office into a private elevator, and a moment later found me in the presence of Bert F——h, the eminent stage director.

F——h looked me over from head to foot, and with a snap of his fingers said, "Get in line and we'll see what we'll see."

At first the work was very simple. Gradually the steps became more difficult, but the constant instruction was making dancers of us, and within a week I discovered, to my surprise, that I was what is known as a first-class fast chorus medium.

So I learned that the play my benefactress was starring in was such a tremendous success that Mr. S——d was forming another company to play the One Night Stands through the South. We were notified that we would leave New York on the following Sunday morning so that we would

reach Trenton, N. J., in time for an all-day dress rehearsal and the Monday night opening.

The Saturday before we left, my new-found friend called me into her dressing-room.

"You're straight, kid," she said. "There isn't anything in all the world that's important enough to sacrifice respectability for. Look at me! I am a public favorite—but you and the rest of the world will never know the ordeals and sacrifices I had to make."

"You're beautiful and it won't be long before you'll have a lot of men on your heels promising you everything in the world. Don't be foolish. Keep straight—because some day when you meet the right kind of a boy, you'll realize how much better it is to go to him with a clean heart and conscience. Play all men for what they're worth. Get every nickel you can from them, but never give them anything in return. Remember, it's better to be called the girl who won't pay dividends, than the fool who falls."

I thanked my friend for her kind advice, and made up my mind that I would keep my reputation clean at any cost. Little did I know that before me lay the crisis—soon to come.

I'll tell you about it next week.

(To be continued next week)

This is the authoress—who naturally prefers to be anonymous. But maybe you've seen her.



Doubling Charlie Chaplin

By J. REDMOND KEEGAN

TO a comedian who takes life seriously, things are apt to be literal.

When "Bigger and Better Pictures" slogan went out, there probably was just one of the motion picture industry who really took it serious. That one paradoxically, was a comedian,—Buster Keaton.

He couldn't start all at once. He figured that through experience he would learn, so that accounted for the "better" half of the slogan. "The last shall be first," you know. The "bigger" stuff had to wait until later.

His opportunity has come now. He has bought Charlie Chaplin's studio, the same one in which "The Kid" was made, and which housed the Mr. and Mrs. Carter de Haven productions. Certainly, it is in Los Angeles.

Well, the studio has been complimented as being the most complete *small* studio ever built. That made Buster think about "bigger" pictures.

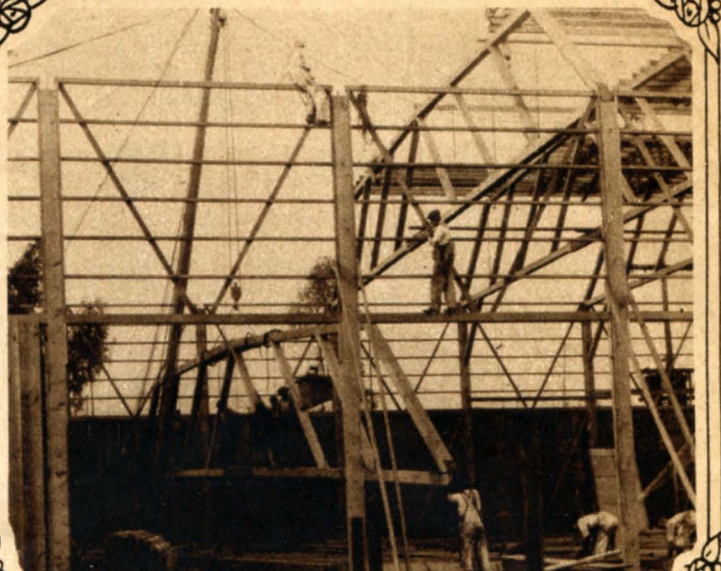
"How can you make your pictures bigger unless you enlarge your studio?" he asked himself—and having no answer ready, he decided there wasn't any, so immediately began plans for making the studio bigger.

He drew the plans himself. He knew exactly what he wanted. But while the idea was clear to him, the workmen didn't seem to have the imagination to comprehend his plans. That resulted in calling in a regular architect.

That caused another difficulty. The architect's plans were perfectly plain to the workmen, but Buster Keaton couldn't decipher them. He didn't know whether they were the plans he wanted or not.

"I discovered at once that they were not exactly what I wanted," he declared. "I decided to exactly double the size of the studio. So I counted all the bolts in the beams already in place and then counted the bolts that were delivered for the new work. There were fifty-two more delivered than were already in place, so immediately I knew that they were making the studio more than twice as large."

Buster promptly protested, giving the number of bolts as a reason for believing that the plans were not correct. He learned—or says he did—that there would be four men handling the bolts and that each one would insist on losing just thirteen in order to give the bum's rush to any hoodoo that might be lurking in them. That accounted for the fifty-two extra, so Buster decided to accept the plans.



"They should hoist the roof arches and put the uprights under them, instead of erecting the uprights first. It might start a distinctly American style of architecture."

He also decided to supervise the work himself, to see that it was done the way he wanted it done.

"You see, I had noted, in the previous construction, that there were a number of useless holes drilled in various parts of the roof beams. So I insisted that these holes, if necessary, must be drilled outside the beams instead of inside. It was with difficulty that I made the workmen understand how this could be done. In fact, I had to put on overalls and demonstrate it to them."

"I am very glad I decided to supervise the work—in fact, work right with the men. I discovered some of the prime reasons for discontent among the workmen. It is the system employed that is most annoying and irksome to the men, and so soundly have these wrong systems been drilled into them that they actually think that it is the best way of doing things."

"For instance, there is the system of erecting the arches for the support of the roof. These are constructed on the floor and then hoisted up and fitted into place on the top of upright posts that have already been placed in position. Now that is all wrong. The arches are very heavy and bulky to handle. They are raised by a rope and they swing around, and it is only after the hardest sort of work that they can be placed in position."

"I wanted the useless holes drilled outside the beams instead of inside them. I had to put on overalls and demonstrate how this could be done."

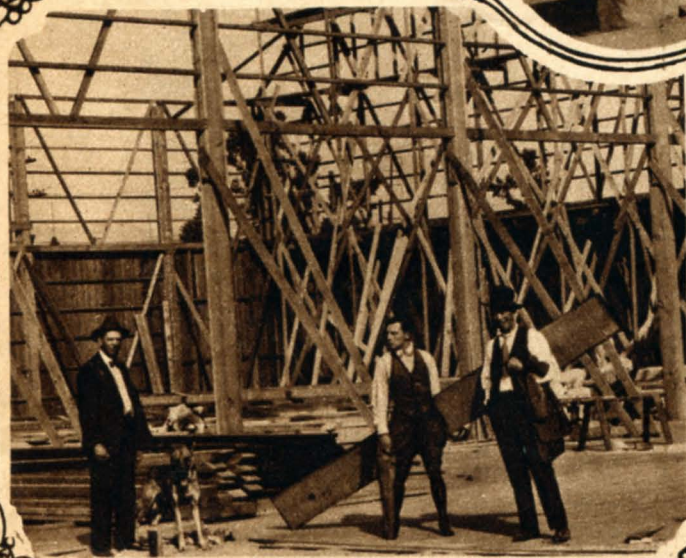
"Now the system that I think is the best is the way they put up a tent. Hoist the arch up first and then slip the supports underneath the end wherever they happen to land. The workmen argued with me that this would guard against uniformity, but I believe if it were tried—it might result in an entirely new style of architecture perhaps be the basis for a distinctly American style!"

"Another wrong thing is the habit carpenters have of sawing up boards all in the same place—not the same place in the board but in the identical spot where they start. That means that they have two or more pieces of lumber to carry with them. Now when I saved lumber I carried just one piece to where I wanted to use it, and sawed it up there."

"It was while I was nailing up the boards, after I'd sawed them, that a wonderful idea came to me—one that I intend to suggest to my sister-in-law, Connie Talmadge, who has just gone into horticulture. The real difficulty of nailing things together is getting the nail started. That's where all the fingers get bruised and that sort of thing."

"Now my idea will do away with all that trouble, and will also do away with the necessity of so much sawing. The idea is simply this—to cross a pine tree with a cactus bush and guide the development so that a cactus spine will grow on each of the pine planks

(Continued on page 30)



"The carpenters sawed up their boards and then had more than one piece to carry. I carried the one piece and sawed it up afterward."

What's The Use Of

By IRWIN RICHARD

HAVING a few hours to myself the other afternoon, I dropped into the Astor to pay my respects to the bewitching Fay Marbe, who's business it is to charm audiences nightly in the role of Lola, the Spanish dancing Vamp, in the "Hotel Mouse."

Fay is the sort of a girl who does her darndest to make all her visitors feel at home; and after she had placed a bottle of —er—gingerale on the table, we settled down to have a nice quiet chat.

"Why is it, Fay, that you have always chosen Vampire roles?" I asked. "I don't mean to flatter you, but you really are a very sweet little girl and I can't for worlds understand your idea in playing 'heavy' roles—though, I must admit, you play them mighty well."

"That's just it," she said. "I play them to perfection, and people love to say, 'Isn't she the hussy? Why doesn't she leave that poor man alone?' You know, when I began my career I decided to do vaudeville—but after my booking agent saw the act he said, 'Fay, you've got the wrong idea. Leave the sweet little \$75 per vaudeville maid to someone else. Go in for the Vamp stuff—it's the one thing that will put you over. People want to see the demure girlie bunk with some blue-eyed, bleached blonde dame in the title role, and they also expect to see the nice, round, brown-eyed brunette with the wonderful figure playing the Vamp. If you want to succeed you've got to be as wicked as they make 'em. Or else, it's the last half in Union Hill with four shows a day for you, dearie, at \$50 per.'"

"When my parents heard my manager's ultimatum they became enraged at the idea of seeing their only child who had been educated in the school of Puritanical ideas wear flimsy jet evening gowns that exposed a little more of my—er—charm than was necessary. So I decided to stick to my original idea despite the warnings from my manager and the Booking Office."

"After a year or so I discovered that I was playing a losing game, and that a successful vaudeville artist had to offer her public what they wanted to see instead of what pleased her."

"I visited the offices of a prominent vaudeville writer and asked his advice as to the type of act that was best suited for me."

"'You've got to play the bad little girl, Fay,' he said. 'I'll write you an act where you'll have to wear everything but clothes and do numbers that play right up to the men in your audience. Now, any girl who is half-way presentable can go before an audience with a lot of daring gowns, 'two-meaning' numbers and shocking mannerisms. It takes a successful artist to play the Vamp stuff in a way that will make even the women folk applaud. Now, I'm going to make a very good little bad girl out of you. You're going to be as naughty as any

It's terribly hard to be good when they make you wear gowns like this below.



Being Good When---

FRANKLYN

sweet French mamma that stepped across the footlights—but you're going to do it in a very refined way."

"At first I was doubtful as to my ability to play such a part, so I went from one booking office to another, only to discover that refined type of work was expected from everybody. but Fay Marbe. My dearest friend, Mr. Lee Shubert, to whom I owe all of my success, advised me to take the writer's offer and play the Vamp. All of my other friends told me to do the same thing. 'It's awfully nice to be nice, Fay,' they said, but being nice won't pay your room rent, and you'll find it so much nicer to be naughty when the public expect naughty things from you."

"So I decided to gamble. The act was written and after a 'break-in' somewhere out in the 'sticks,' I returned to New York for my Broadway opening."

"To my surprise, all the booking agents came back stage after I came off and congratulated me. They said I had created a new type of Vamp—one who could go as far as the vaudeville stage would permit and yet retain her refinement besides."

"I hate being a Vamp, and I will always yearn to do some role that will give me a chance to show that I can be just as demure and sweet as any ingenue who gaily flies up and down the stage singing something like 'Love Will Find a Way' or 'I'll Dream of You.'"

"But no matter how I try to escape the awful ordeal of playing the Vamp, I always find that managers only laugh at me when I ask them for a chance to play something 'light.'"

"'You've set a standard, Fay,' they say. 'The public doesn't want to see Fay Marbe come tripping across a stage singing, 'Rosy-Posy.' They want to see you come gliding out in an abbreviated gown, singing your famous 'There's More to a Kiss Than the Smack, Smack, Smack' with all the mannerisms that belong to you. It's no use, child, you're a Vamp, and a Vamp you'll always be.'"

"Last year, when Mr. Griffith sent for me and told me he had a part in his famous 'Orphans of the Storm' for me, I was overjoyed. 'At last,' I thought, 'here's my chance to show all the wiseacres that Fay Marbe can do something else besides vamp. Mr. Griffith will want me to do an 'agnesayres' or 'lillian-gish' and my work will prove that I deserve a chance to play the sweet little heroine role.'"

"But, alas, such joy was not for me. Though my part in 'Orphans of the Storm' was very small, I was again called upon to be a Vamp, only this time I was to be a Sixteenth Century one. And, would you believe it, Mr. Griffith showed me that the Vamps in the days of Napoleon had it all over the present-day 'Claridge variety' of baby vamp. Look at

(Continued on page 30)

Big Moments in Pictu



"The Bachelor Daddy," with Thomas Meighan and Lois Wilson. That is all the announcement Paramount makes of this production and it seems as if that ought to be enough. Thomas Meighan as a daddy of any kind ought to be a scream—especially when aided by Lois Wilson.

There are times when the best of friends are unwelcome, but it always causes a misunderstanding. William Russell, in "Money to Burn," discovers one of these occasions and it is just that time when his "bestest" friend comes around to call. Here is the result.



Pearl White sure has developed some of the scenes from her latest release, "Gay and Devilish," which is her latest feature.



Doris May has a whole lot of fun in her forthcoming Robertson-Cole release, "Gay and Devilish." As Fanchon Browne she plays hob with men of all sorts. Here she is introducing a pugilist, played by Bull Montana, to her decrepit old fiance, played by Otis Harlan.

We showed from "Arabian Nights" this page before to prove that, the sturdiest actor in the business, just take this snarling sure looks for John.



ures You Haven't Seen



ed into a regular blonde vamp in
r latest pictures. Could anything
n this scene from "Without Fear."
feature made for Fox?



ved you a scene
rabian Love" on
before, but just
that John Gil-
star, isn't the
or in the produc-
take a look at
ling Sheik. It
ks like trouble
hn, doesn't it?

Ever tried to beat your
way on a railroad? Here
is a new dodge, tell the
conductor your husband
has the tickets and is
asleep. Maybe you can
get by with it. Eileen
Percy is pulling the stunt
and it is a scene from her
latest picture, "Elope If
You Must."



Here we have Guy Bates
Post as John Chilcote,
half crazed and infuri-
ated, making a futile at-
tempt to crash a bottle
over the head of his
faithful butler. This is
from Richard Walton
Tully's first film produc-
tion, "The Masquerader."



Charles Jones doesn't
have everything his own
way in the new Fox pro-
duction, "Western Speed,"
despite the fact that he
is the star of the picture.
Here he is getting stopped
in the midst of a per-
formance, but from the
looks we will bet he's
glad, later, that he was
stopped.



Filmland's Filth

By JOE WEIL



She has gone the giddy path—quit the husband cold, smokes cigarettes, chews tobacco, 'n' everything.

I FOUND her yesterday. Found her after weary hours of questioning of dope fiends and snowbirds. Found her after vainly threshing through thousands of names in the Los Angeles phone book, calling at police headquarters, talking to taxicab drivers, frequenting the lounge-lizard palaces and finally, as a last resort, going to an insane asylum because everyone thought I was "loco" looking for her.

At the asylum they would not have me. My eyes were glaring from the blinding headlines on the "Daily Whoose" and "The So-Called American." It scared them. They said I looked like an animal. They sent me to the fenced-in lot on Mission Road.

Wild shrieks and groans greeted me as I entered. Some more wild parties, I sighed to myself, as I realized how the movies had "sunk" since newspaper writers (only some of them—judge not the many from the few) had decided to build a film city of their own imaginations so that the public could get the straight "dope" about the terrible life.

I thought of the perplexities of life. The worries of a newspaper owner. I thought of the "Daily Whoose." The City Editor using the first three pages of his greasy sheet to expose the terrible movie life—the life which meant ruin to any girl entering it—and the feature editor on page four running a contest

for the prettiest girl with a movie contract as the prize! Imagine the baseness of that Feature Editor sending—deliberately sending, a girl on the path to ruin!

In the midst of my meditations I looked up to see her before me. At last! The girl star who had not been mentioned in the murder case! Known to thousands and thousands everywhere as just "Mary," the sight of her made me hold my breath.

Two years ago she was an unknown. She was hanging around on the outskirts of an African village when a handsome young explorer fell in love with her. She left her home and board and coconuts and fled the country with him. He took her to Los Angeles. The rest of the story is common gossip in Hollywood.

To be brief—he promised her a job in the movies. He set her up in a barred apartment and then he left her flat! Mary hung around the studios for days. She was a good girl. She wanted a chance—that's all. Col. Selig found her. She was scrubbing decks for a living. He gave her a small part. She made a hit. Her salary tripled and quadrupled. She took unto herself a husband.

But Mary had become a star. She was not content any more. She tired of her husband. She got a divorce. She has gone the giddy path since. She is now living with one "Mike," also a screen star, who, scandalmongers have it, hasn't bought himself a suit of clothes for the last five years. Talking of "hop joints," both Mary and Mike frequent them. They hop all over the place when they get the chance.

Mary was quite indignant when I questioned her about Hollywood. "Somebody's got

(Continued on page 30)



She was a good girl—but she was scrubbing decks for a living.

WHEN John Arnold, Jr., was born he had a Roman candle in one hand and a skyrocket in the other. And his old man was so all-fired rich from the manufacture of fireworks that Jack, Junior, could have had a gold spoon in his mouth but the doting dad preferred backing up his paternal pride with pretty pyrotechnics. And thereby hangs a story.

Arnold, Senior, burned up the midnight oil seeking new markets. Arnold, Junior, burned up the bright lights by spending all the kale he could muster by the aid of his dad. But the money-making sire tagged son John with the "Stop-look and listen" signal. The boy must either go to work or be branded with the order of the bum's brush.

From wearing silk shirts and riding gaily in

Yankee Doodle, Jr.

SYNOPSIS By PAUL GRAY

THE CAST

John Arnold, Jr. J. Frank Glendon
John Arnold, Sr. E. M. Kimball
Senorita Zura Gormarro Zelma Morgan
The President Vincent Sarno
Secret Service Chief Sidney D'Allbrook
The Captain Jack Pratt

Story by Paul Gray.
Directed by Jack Pratt.

came the biggest hero in all South America.

Needless to say that Young Yankee cleaned up, restored the original president to his throne and made the pretty daughter so happy that she couldn't help but wanting Yankee for a life-long side kick.

And Yankee, Junior, sold fireworks galore and arranged for celebrations to burn 'em up and then instructed his dad to turn the plant into a munitions concern and supply any kind of a revolution with the real thing.

And a little dog—a hungry looking purp named Energy—played almost an important part as Yankee Doodle, Jr., and is one of the bright, particular spots.

"Yankee Doodle, Jr.," is George M. Cohan set to film fireworks.



taxi to donning tattered raiment and walking railroad ties was something Jack didn't desire so he decided to sell fireworks.

His home girl inspired Jack to be up and doing and Jack beat it to his father's office in time to inform his dad that he preferred the shadows of his father's checks to the sunny life of a Happy Hooligan. And the reverent papa smiled a satisfactory "smile" and said "go to it, son." Then he told the boy to pick his own territory.

So, Arnold, Jr., closed his eyes and slammed a pen in a map of the world. The sticking point was South America and thence Jack beat it with nothing behind him but his past and a line of good-time bills that daddy settled when he knew Jack was going to work.

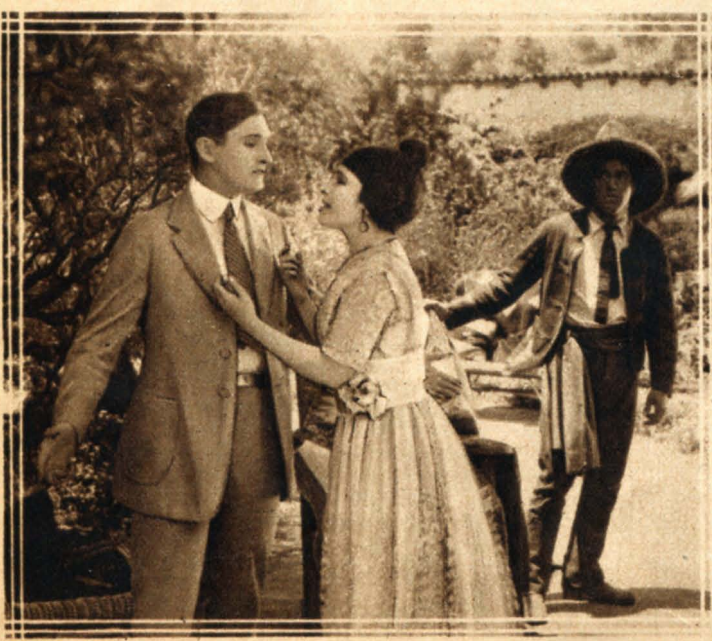
The moment Jack Arnold placed his weary walkers in the land of perpetual sunshine, crocodiles and revolutions he was busier than William Jennings Bryan with a presidential bee.

He found a republic torn asunder by revolution and a contender sitting high and pretty on the presidential throne. He bearded the bearded would be proxy in his palatial suite and before the villainous looking Villa could call out the reserves young Arnold sold him a handsome order of Arnold made fireworks.

Then the daughter of the real president, called Yankee Doodle, Jr., to her aid, (the Arnold part being enveloped in the Yankee Doodle blanket) and Yankee took one pike at her comely face and at once said, "Fair one, deal the cards and I'll go the limit for you."

A stampede of American cattle, a swarm of bees looking for a picnic party and a run on a bank were tame in comparison with the merry mess into the center of which Yankee Doodle, Jr., landed.

The nerry Yank, plus more nerve, plus dynamic action, plus speed, plus strategy, plus his daddy's fireworks, turned the inside of a hot revolution out and made it so uncomfortable for all hands playing against him that he be-



The Queerest Girl in America

By ETHEL PENNINGTON

WHAT do you suppose can be wrong with a good-looking, talented young actress who has not the popular American ambition to go in the "movies"?

But they don't interest her in the least; no, not in the slightest degree.

Queer, we say—case for the "psych-ans," or Sherlock himself. If he were not so busy telling the world about Heaven we'd have him look into the matter.

However, here she is—the great American mystery girl.

Anna Marston, one of the triangle of juvenile players who provide the laughs that have made "Up the Ladder" a "sell-out" for W. A. Brady at his Playhouse in New York.

If you've been fortunate enough to see the show you will remember her as "Lucy," the unsophisticated "pure and simple" who is led into her initial alcoholic adventure by a more worldly flapper, to whom the ways and wiles of "high society" are a thumbed book.

And—here's a real secret—it's Miss Marston's first real stage engagement.

But don't let that start you on a rush for the nearest stage door, because there's more reason for her success than just the mere fact that she managed to land a job in a Broadway show.

Just above the seventeenth notch on her ladder of life, Miss Marston has been of the stage for just about that period of time. She was born to it. Her father is Lawrence Marston, one-time actor and, in recent years, one of the noted stage directors in the United States. He it was who staged that monumental success of other days, "The Round Up." More recently he welded together "Kismet," with Otis Skinner; "East Is West," with Fay Bainter, and soon to be shown on the screen with Constance Talmadge; "The Girl in the Limousine," and many others.

Like the newspaperman who swears that his son shall be anything but a newspaperman, Pater Marston long ago announced that his girl should never go up against the trials and heartbreak of a stage career. He didn't care how many children of other parents he guided along to footlight fame, but Anna must not be a "trouper."

Which only goes to show how little parents know, anyway.

For, when Miss Anna got ready and the urge to act came upon her strong enough, she took advantage of the fact that father

was away in Pennsylvania collaborating on a new play and mother was out shopping—and went down to where she had heard that Mr. Brady and Owen Davis were putting a play together.

She asked for a job.

"Know anything about acting?" asked Brady, looking over this slip of a girl who appears more like "fourteen going on fifteen" than seventeen.

"Certainly," replied Anna, without batting an eye or beating away from Truth, because she has been going to the theatre ever since she was a tot and probably has seen and heard criticized more plays and players than any other girl of her age in these U. S. A.

"Ever been in a production before?"

"Oh, several," replied our heroine, again sticking to Truth, because she had been in several charity performances.

Brady and Davis conferred.

"Let's hear you read the scene," suggested Mr. Davis, and handed her the most trying scene in the entire play. One where she must come forth to center stage, weeping realistically over a mythical little brother

ability to act. She was fed Shakespeare by her father, who read the plays to her as they would be read on the stage. From them she learned technique, too.

She's simply crazy about working on the legitimate stage, but doesn't care a rap about going into the pictures. This was revealed when father Marston dashed madly into New



She was reared on a diet of Shakespeare.



She likes dogs—this, if one calls the fluffy "Pekes," dogs.

who is just as mythically dying offstage.

She got the job and she's been playing the role of "Lucy" ever since the play opened.

That certainly looks like an easy way to break into the stage life. But with Anna it wasn't so easy or sudden as it looks. From her mother she inherited a melodious, deep-toned speaking voice; from her father

York from the wilds of Wilkes-Barre or some other such place waving a telegram he had received from Anna reading:

"Congratulations on contributing to the American stage an actress who was let down very easy by the critics on her debut in 'Up the Ladder.' I'm the actress in the case."

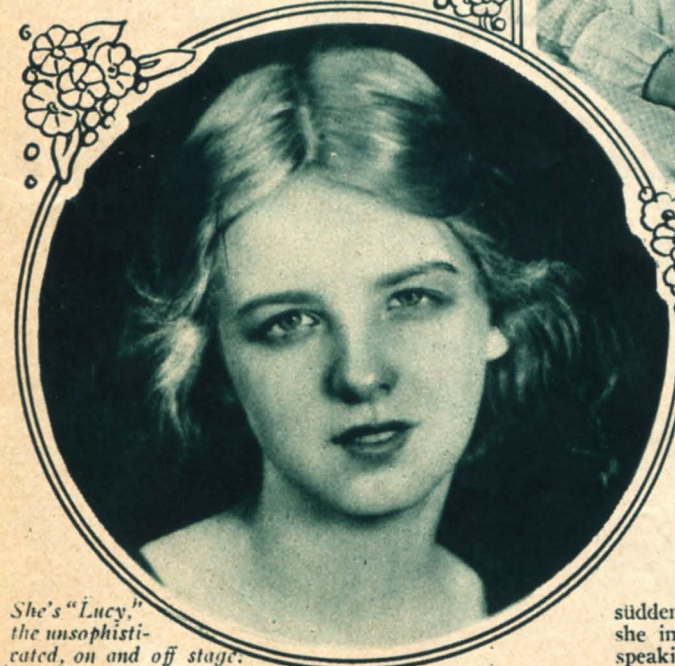
Father stormed around and then, as most storms do, subsided.

Then he went to see her at work.

"Well, thank God you're pretty good," said he. "But I want you to promise me, now that you've spoiled my plans for making a playwright out of you, that you'll stick to the legitimate and not dash into the movies thinking you can take Norma Talmadge's place."

"Gladly do I promise, father," said Anna, "because I have no desire to be a picture actress. I think the human voice the most wonderful thing on earth, and I think it is at its best in the theatre. There is no voice on the screen and one can only be a ghost of oneself, therefore. And, besides, my hair is too light to register well before a camera."

Off stage, Miss Marston is the same sort of girl that "Lucy" is on—quiet, well-bred, well-read and very feminine. Reading and listening to Caruso records are her chief diversions, although her favorite outdoor sport is buying new hats. She is a powerful distance swimmer, likes children, dogs, cats and canaries—and still is kid enough to be proud of a medal that was given to her for writing an essay on the Liberty Loan when she was attending a girls' school in New Rochelle.



She's "Lucy," the unsophisticated, on and off stage.

The March of the Heroine

By PATSY PRICE

SHE is a chameleon—the Heroine of the Silent Drama. She changes with the march of time. At present she holds sway in all the licensed freedom of legal wifehood, she enjoys the most attractive flirtations—under the shadow of the law. Her husband often complains something terrible, but he never seems able to do anything about it. For the producers, eager to move with the clock of time, are dramatizing the modern wife in all her gold-and-cut-glass show-case. Accordingly we now have scenes that are perfect cameos of drama anent whether or not the 1922 wife should darn her husband's socks or stay out all night with his best friend. The wearer of the Sacred Golden Circlet plays African golf with bediamond dice. Gentle dames who know better play with fire—and, oh my! how they do love to scorch! Rose water bubbles, you might think them; but doesn't the director always unearth hidden vinegar? The League of Wives has entered the dramatic sex arena with a great blaring of the fashionable trumpets—and against each other instead of their old-time common foe, the Vamp.

The social undress parade moves in scintillating array; the night life of our drawing-rooms (not forgetting the essential bath) is pictured in all its pleasant immodesty. Mel-low illumination is cast upon the foibles of our social elect. Sprayed with the glamor of a costly frame, the scandalogue progresses in a pageant of beauty. To the busy wife of the films, a husband is little more than an interruption—and she goes from one interruption to another.

The only fault I have to find with her is that when she loses her legal storm-and-strife to the tall, slinky woman, she either gets another or tries to copy the t. s. w. in order to win him back—instead of sensibly killing the husband and getting herself acquitted by a male jury, as wives in real life do.

Lois Weber started this fad of marital thin-ice-skating with "For Husbands Only." Since then hundreds of titles have been coined in which the word *forbidden* hints the joyous keynote of the story. The idea is that a debutante can flirt and lose nothing but her honor, but the poor wife, when indiscreet, loses her legal assets too. So she runs a double risk—ran it successfully through "Frisolous Wives," "Just a Wife," "Virtuous Wives," "Why Change Your Wife?" "Her Husband's Trademark," "Too Much Wife," "Silk Husbands and Calico Wives," "Wise Wives," "Scrambled Wives," "Blind Wives" and *wives* in every other conceivable state of dramatic possibility.

Husbands, though, have had their brief innings, as witness: "Should a Husband Tell?" "Who Is Her Husband?" "Don't Change Your Husband," "What's Your Husband Doing?" "Happy Though Married" (I presume it was the husband who was happy; no film-wife ever could be!).

Exquisite in its beauty-sheath, this type of picture has its worth on the screen. It has awakened the dramatic possibilities of the marital school. In "The Lost Romance" the idea, bridled and restrained within the limits of every-day life, proved effective.

"Man, Woman, Marriage" was an emotional maelstrom concerning woman's time honored occupation; "The Devil's Pass-Key" and "Foolish Wives" were social sermons and dress parades; "Midsummer Madness" boasted two wives. Mae Murray, as "The Gilded Lily," proved that when gentle wifehood fails in the kitchen you can take up the dramatic cudgel against yourself by becoming a Broadway butterfly, being your own vamp—lots safer that way, I think, and less ex-

pensive. Keeps the love-business in the family; also the exchequer.

Anita Stewart in "Playthings of Destiny" had two husbands and my, what trouble they caused her, always turning up! Katherine McDonald often dramatizes wifehood, as in "Her Social Value." Even Louise Glaum, prize vamp, has been drawn into the legal fold, having discovered in "I Am Guilty" that she could enjoy all the dramatic thrills of the siren and still remain respectable! Gloria Swanson, Helene Chadwick, Mary Alden and Kathlyn Williams have been wives many times on the screen, each distinctive in her interpretation of the mistress of the household. Clara Kimball Young made her donation to the cause with "Mid-channel" and "Hush!"—which is a particular example of the fact that wives, very often, would be better off if they would.

Ethel Clayton is one of the few whose



Mae Murray proved that when gentle wifehood fails in the kitchen she can become a Broadway butterfly, and vamp her own husband. Safe—and cheap!

pictures of the holy estate ring true—never saccharine—always well restrained in the presence of the children. Place her in the most luxuriant setting and she is never a mannikin nor an emotional hurricane but—always a Wife. Her latest contribution to the catalogue of legal tribulations is "The Cradle."

In "Saturday Night" Leatrice Joy and Edith Roberts were opposite wives who sneaked a goal on each other. Pauline Frederick gave the screen one of its most noteworthy achievements as the grim, proud drudge of "The Sting of the Lash," carrying the remnants of refinement even to the task of lashing her mate with a whip in defense of her legal rights. This, by the way, opens a new field for the wives!

"What's the Matter with Marriage?" ask the producers. But I haven't seen any of them answer it successfully yet, though I am told that "Bought and Paid For" posts a reply.

Wives—wives—wives! No wonder the producers are crying "Mother, I Need You!"

and dragging in the good old souls to take our minds off the gilded matrons. But she has no clear field—the reigning queen, having swept upon us in waves of legal drama, has no intention of stepping down from her throne.

A while ago the Vamp held sway. But no longer is Woman paid for luring innocent men from their own disappointing home-brew to the pleasure of Coca Cola in long-stemmed glassware. Not nowadays does the languorous intensity of love-longing prevail. . . . Woman has seen the folly of intensity—it does things to the complexion! The Modern Wife has an icicle calm.

The day of the scarlet tanager is past. Equally gone beyond recall (I hope) is the modest violet who brought from the byways by the blaring trumpet of the villain, bleated her weak cry of virtue. These blooms of the cinematic past have given way to the Mariposa lily sheathed in an exotic conservatory manufactured by De Mille, Ltd.

Dumas required but "three boards and a passion" to make a play. Ye Vamp needed but three men—cheaper and easier to get than lumber!—and a passion, to make a Problem that endured through five sickly reels. But the vamp was up against an impregnable barrier. The smug, supercilious smile upon the faces of those good women who dish out scandal via the back-step method, proved stronger than the vampire's lure. And the hero went penitently home to the chaste light of his own nagging fireside—until the next time he felt like wandering. Like the gent in the book who "galloped off madly in all directions," the vamp had wonderful enthusiasm, but it never seemed to get her anything permanent.

Of the Siren Sisterhood, who remains in the timeworn occupation?

When the producers tore out the vamp by her roots, they substituted for her a constant stream of Pollyannas in new dresses. The web of golden allure gave way to the persecuted heroine. Like the wail of a lute imprisoned in a forest came her gentle cry for help. The villain was a cross between Lew Cody and Kansas in a storm. And she was so eager to sacrifice her good name upon the altar of drama! . . . but the director, though threatening through five hectic reels, never let it get that far!

Perhaps some students of the romantic school of chocolate creams and Robert W. Chambers still swear by your old innamorata of the love-lanes. But I assure you that the sticky sweet heroine and the wild, wild moonlight have had their day in the fillums. The baby-doll proved as good as aspirin to put an audience to sleep. So she went into the ash-heap.

The latest is the Odyssey of Oleta: being, you understand, her triumphal journey from marriage to marriage. And even the men have succumbed to this new order of things. Strong souls have fallen to the lure of the fishtail coat. Take that muscular he-man, Hobart Bosworth, chasing around with "Foolish Matrons"—and letting a director tell him what to do with 'em! Imagine that sturdy-limbed seaman with a foolish matron—Bah!

Today the parlor-vamp garbed in the raiments of legal wifehood reigns in a jopyol of jewels and scented nothings. . . . Scenes that send thrills up your back—or wherever you have your thrills. . . . Perfectly nice thrills, indeed, curtailed within the limits of Pennsylvania's chemically pure. . . . Scenes that bulk sumptuously. . . . *Affairs de coeur* oddly blended with hubby's socks and the kitchen

Pantomime Pickings from Stage Land

by Irwin Richard Franklin

CONCHITA PIQUER, the clever comedienne who was brought to this country by Emanuel Pennella to play the lead in the "Wild Cat" early this season, is repeating the success she achieved in that piece in "Make It Snappy," with Eddie Cantor, at the Winter Garden. Senorita Piquer will have an important role in a new operetta which is to be produced by the Shuberts in the fall.



Conchita Piquer will be starred in a new operetta to be produced by the Shuberts next season.

Charles B. Dillingham will place the three musical comedies he bought in England last winter in rehearsal next month. The plays are scheduled for a Broadway showing some time in September. Meanwhile, as soon as rehearsals are completed, the three plays will take to the road for the summer.

Irene Bordoni announces that she will postpone her tour of America with the "The French Doll" until next year, and will take the piece to Paris for a summer showing instead. This will be the first time the bewitching French star will appear before Parisian audiences in an American play.

IT is also rumored that Doris Keane's contract with Charles Frohman calls for her appearance in the film version of "The Czarina" as well as her legitimate appearance in the piece. Miss Keane was quite a disappointment in the screen version of her world-famous play, "Romance," though the picture was a box office winner due to the prestige of the star and the play.



Doris Keane may appear in the film version of "The Czarina" after she closes her season in New York.

Van Hoven, the "dippy mad magician," announces that he will sail for England the latter part of July to complete his contracts with European managers. Van Hoven returned to America last fall, happy and single. He sails for Europe with excess baggage in the person of one of the famous Oakland Sisters, who married the comedian.

Through the courtesy of Arthur Hammerstein, Earl Carroll was enabled to keep his house open after "Just Because" took the road to the store-house, by "The Blue Kitten" moving from the Selwyn into the Carroll to make room for the new "Potash and Perlmutter" show, "Partners Again." Since the new theatre opened, Carroll has learned that the public classes his house as being hidden away in the "sticks." Like the Shuberts, who experienced the same thing with their Imperial Theatre on 59th Street, that was later called the Jolson's 59th Street Theatre, Carroll must either get a star with a wonderful drawing power or a wonderful play. So "The Kitten" show comes as a sife-saver.

Next season will see many new faces on the Broadway stage. Old stars have to step aside and make room for the new-comer who are looked upon to save the show business from another disastrous year. Helen Eagles, who is playing a small part in the "Demi-Virgin," will be starred along with Aileen Poe, Fay Marbe, Mae Collins, Mary Brandon and a host of other members of the "younger set" who have been playing bits for a good many years. While these young ladies rejoice over their good fortune, others, who have had their day, and who are drifting away from the spotlight of fame and admiration, have to face the grim realization that their days as public favorites are gradually coming to an end. We all look forward to the time when we will be privileged to see how well the "new-comers" will succeed in taking up the work of their predecessors, but we can never wipe out from our memory the admirable work of the men and women soon to find they are "has beens." The show business is a wonderful game—while it lasts. You gain success—and then your days as a star slip through your fingers, and before you realize it you have become old, you've lost your figure, wrinkles and crow's-feet show themselves, and you learn the sad truth that the same public who set you on a pedestal and who, only yesterday, applauded and called for a curtain speech, pass you by.

Dorothy Shoemaker, who has been connected in the past with many Broadway successess, is playing leads with Hurtig and Seamon's stock company at the Alhambra theatre in Harlem. With the high priced admission scale scheduled for Broadway attractions next season, the public have turned to stock as a medium of amusement. The average stock company of today differs from the old type in many ways. The "Third Avenue" variety of plays are eliminated from the repertoire and are replaced by plays that have had successful runs on Broadway. The Alhambra company is being carefully watched by big production managers. If the venture is a success, next season will see several of the big houses along Broadway turned into permanent repertoire theatres with all star casts.

The Shuberts announce that they will star James Barton next season in a new operetta that is now being written especially for the comedian by Sigmund Romberg and George Wilner.

PHOTOGRAPHS of the scenes used in "The Hindu" have been forwarded to Charles B. Cochran, Europe's master producer and manager, in order to facilitate



Walker Whiteside to play a season in London if suitable arrangements with C. B. Cochran can be made.

Walker Whiteside's rehearsals at the Princess Theatre in London. Should Mr. Whiteside decide to accept Mr. Cochran's offer of an extended engagement in the British metropolis, the proposed tour of America next season will be postponed until a later date.

To comply with the requests of people through the South and West who haven't seen Fred Stone in more than seven years, the comedian will extend his tour with his production, "Tip-Top," another month before returning to New York to begin rehearsals for his next production.

Arnold Daly will sail for Europe in June on a vacation tour with his daughter, Blythe. While abroad Daly will look over the foreign field of plays with the idea of buying the rights to those he thinks fit for American presentation. The erratic star will return with his famous grouch some time in October, when he will again try his hand at forming a repertoire company with himself heading the cast.

IDROPPED in at the George M. Cohan Theatre the other evening to say hello to Ed Wynn, who is starring there in "The Perfect Fool." While I was having a chat with the comedian, who is the originator of the horned-rimmed glasses fad for straight comedians, a reporter from one of the theatrical weeklies came in and asked the comedian if it was true that his father-in-law, who is no other than the famous screen star, Frank Keenan, was planning to make a picture of Wynn's play, with Ed in the title role.



Ed Wynn says that he has never seen a film that had a plot to it.

"Maybe so and maybe not," replied the comedian. I asked Ed how a film version of his piece could be made when there was no plot to work with, "The Perfect Fool" being of the review variety.

"That's the easiest part of it," he said. "Did you ever see a picture that had a plot to work with? Neither did I. For instance, see 'Foolish Wives.'" (Hollywood papers please copy.)

When Fred Met Dave

By THE ONLOOKER

PROBABLY the best known partners ever on the stage were Montgomery and Stone. For over twenty years they were partners, not only in business, but in private life too, with never a single quarrel!

This is the tale of how that friendship began—a friendship that started with trouble—lasted through the “jail-house”—and was only ended by death.

In the early days of their career, Fred Stone was a circus acrobat, and Montgomery was ‘end man’ with a traveling minstrel troupe. They first met through a mutual friend, one summer. The meeting was only casual and both went their different ways.

Some time later, Fred joined another circus that was touring the south, and after playing with the troupe for some months, he and his fellow actors arrived in a small town in Texas only to learn that the owner had “blown the town with the bank roll.” They were stranded.

While the others were trying to figure a way out of their difficulties, Fred walked down to the main street to view a Minstrel Street Parade.

As the parade passed, he noticed that Montgomery was in the front rank behind the brass band.

“Hello, there, Dave,” shouted Fred.

“Hello, Fred; what are you doing here?” Montgomery yelled back; “follow the parade back to the theatre. I want to talk to you.”

When they met, an hour later Dave had a hard luck story to tell. “We close tonight” he said. “We’re all broke—and I’ve got a strong hunch the ‘old man’ (the manager) is planning to beat it with our salaries.”

“That’s a coincidence,” said Fred, “Our boss beat it this morning and left us so broke that if sky scrapers were selling at ‘two-bits’ a piece, we couldn’t buy a door knob.”

After talking the matter over, the boys decided to grab what ever money they could lay their hands on, and take the first freight leaving town.

After the show that night Fred told Dave that he had only raised five dollars. Dave said he had managed to get ten. So with a combined capital of \$15.00 they packed their few belongings in a paper bag, and ‘hopped’ a freight. Two days later they found themselves in the railroad yards at Chicago.

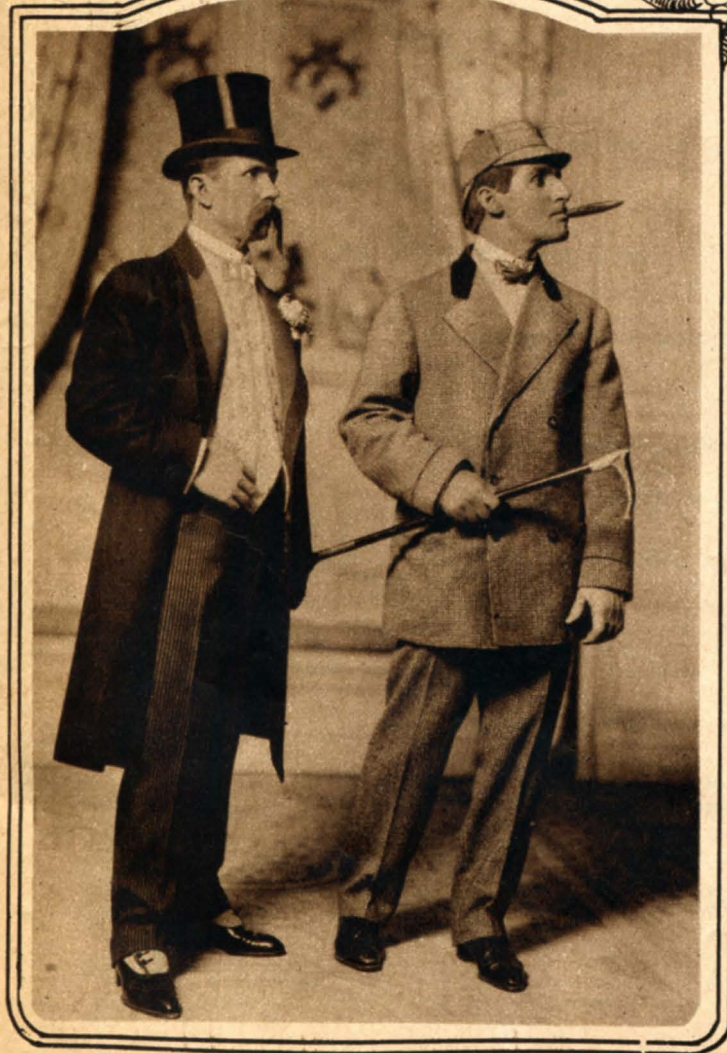
The first thing they did was to engage a room for six dollars a week in a third rate rooming house.

After eating meagerly in a “one-armed” beanery, the boys walked down Clarke Street. They were discussing what to do next when they were approached by a young fellow who wanted to know if they could make use of two new Prince Albert coats with high hats thrown in—all for five dollars.

“Just what we need for



The most recent—and favorite photograph of Fred Stone, as his wife knows him.



Dave Montgomery, on the left, and Fred Stone as they appeared in “The Lady of the Slipper,” way back in 1910.



Dave as Fred’s wife, in “Chin-Chin”—his last public appearance.

our act! “Shouted the boys,” If they fit us, we’ll take ‘em.”

They went into a nearby hallway, tried on the garments, and then bought them. They resumed their walk, “all dressed up,” stopped off at a pawn brokers and bought two bamboo canes, and then made their way back to their furnished room. There they carefully placed their new garments on a chair along side of the bed and retired, thinking, the world wasn’t such a bad place to live in, after all.

Their sweet thoughts were rudely disturbed by two detectives who suddenly entered their room without knocking.

“Where’d you get these clothes?” demanded the visitors.

“Where’d you think we got them?” replied Dave, sitting up in bed.

“None of your guff, now,” said one of the detectives, coming nearer to the bed. “Hurry up and get dressed, ‘cause we’re going to give a chance to tell the Lieutenant at Madison Street Police Station how you come to be custodians of Stolen Property.”

“You can’t arrest us,” replied Fred.

“No, you or no one else can arrest us!” added Dave.

“Why not?” inquired the detectives.

(Continued on page 30)

Read 'Em and Know 'Em

A Mental Portrait of Kenneth Harlan

AS a new resident of California, Kenneth Harlan has become acclimated in a very short time. Not, of course, as if he was a stranger to the Western State, for he was out there a few years ago appearing in Metro and Ince pictures and a little later was in quite a few of the Bluebird series of super-productions made at Universal City.

Harlan had already seen some of the "snapshots" which had been published in PANTOMIME, so it wasn't necessary to explain to him that it was a method whereby his character was laid bare before the motion picture fans.

"I had kind of hoped that I was not on your list for a sitting," he said.

"You don't mean that there is something within yourself that you want to keep concealed?" asked our photographer.

"Well, there might be, but that isn't the rea-

son. I know I can't make as beautiful answers as some I've seen."

The photographer handed over the blank without further parley.

Kenneth filled it out so rapidly that it seemed he hardly took time to read the question.

The photographer expressed his surprise.

"You seem to know yourself better than some of the others who have filled out photos," we suggested.

Kenneth was really embarrassed.

"That isn't exactly true," he answered hesitatingly. "You see, at the same time I was hoping I wasn't on your list, I was anxious to meet the readers of PANTOMIME in such an intimate way—so I practiced filling out blanks."

And to prove it he went into the house and brought out five others all filled out exactly the same as the one printed on this page.



- What is your favorite virtue?— Truthfulness.
- Your favorite quality in woman?— A Rarity, Virtue.
- Your favorite quality in men?— Honesty.
- Your favorite occupation?(next to the screen)— Engineering
- Your idea of happiness?— Contentment in the home and what you r
are doing.
- Your idea of unhappiness?— Inharmonious surroundings.
- Your favorite color?— Blue.
- Where do you prefer to live?— Summers in New York, Winters in
California.
- Who is your favorite prose author?— Richard Harding Davis.
- Your favorite poet?— James Whitcomb Riley.
- Your favorite painter and composer?— Remington, DeBussy.
- Your favorite hero in real life?— Patrick Henry.
- Your favorite heroine in history?— Anne Bolyne.
- Your particular aversion?— German Bands
- What character in history do you most dislike?— Katherine Of Russia
- Your favorite motto?— Do Unto others as you would have them do
unto you.
- Your favorite role?— Clarence Brooks in Dangerous Business with
Constance Talmadge.

Kenneth Harlan
Signature



Locationing with A Parrott

By BETTY MORRIS



Here's the group on the main street of Tropico—a town that never heard of the Civil War. Paul Parrott is seated at the right; Jobyna Ralston is on the left, in front of the camera, and the writer of this story is seated in the center.

WHEN they told me that I was to meet "Paul" Parrott, Hal E. Roach comedian, I pictured a hook-nosed individual with a distressing habit of talking a great deal, and mocking everybody.

"Go on location with a poll-parrott?" I cried. "Gosh, location-trips are hard enough wear and tear on my sensibilities, without any—"

But I was agreeably surprised to meet a slim, gentlemanly chap in a dark brown suit—which he was very careful not to hurt. "Does this suit get ruined?" he kept asking J. A. Howe, the director. "I hope not."

"Well, you don't have to pay for it, if it does," some worthy replied.

"I know—but I'd like to save Hal Roach the \$30.00 for a new one if I can."

And therein you have the newest of Hal Roach's comedians, starring in one-reelers—consideration for others. Later—when taking train-scenes—his double, whom he had taken along for the hazardous stuff, spent the day twirling a rope, while "Paul" himself did all the difficult "stuff" himself.

There had been a perfectly shocking "party" the evening before at the Parrott domicile. "Paul" hadn't gone to bed until twelve o'clock and had to be at the studio at eight, made-up and ready to leave for location. Besides, he had a pain in his tummy, so he wasn't feeling any to acrobatic. But, that didn't hinder him from putting plenty of action into his scenes—of that, more anon, as the Sunday-newspaper writers say.

We piled into two big seven-passenger cars and two trucks. In one car were the property men and electricians, a couple of cameramen and various other individuals of more or less importance; in our car were "Paul" Parrott, Mr. Howe, the megaphone worthy, and Me on the back seat, and in front Jobyna Ralston, who plays "Paul's" leading-lady, the "still" photographer—so-called not because

he stays that way but because his is the job of taking "still" pictures for publicity, and on the running-boards half-a-dozen other chaps who bore some relation to the art of picture-making. One of them perched gracefully on the engine and complained at intervals that his perch wasn't any too comfortable on a warm day. The two trucks carried a mule and buckboard, trunks to be used in the baggage-scenes and other paraphernalia.

On the drive out, I recognized director Howe as the owner of a cafe that had once charged me \$1.25 for thirty-cent steaks and, after I had expressed myself fittingly about such proceedings, we got along famously. Incidentally, you may have wondered why "Paul" is put in quotes; it is a name assumed for publicity value, as his real name is Jimmy which I think lots nicer, but Mr. Roach doesn't.

The story of Parrott's present comedy has to do with the trials and tribulations of a movie star. Wearying of pies and falling bricks, the comedian goes to the country to rest but meets with such a hectic life that he hastens back to the studio, greets a pie face to face and says, "Gee, it's great to be home!" The day before, Parrott was temporarily A. W. O. L., due to the fact that a chimney which fell on him was made of wooden bricks instead of papier-mache. The error was discovered by Parrott after the bricks had fallen on him, and he listened to the birdies make sweet music for many moments.

Along about ten o'clock we drew up at Tropico, a small town near Los Angeles where even the trains have better sense than to hesitate; they go right through with a great clatter—unless one of the two or three inhabitants wants to get on, which seldom happens. Along about three in the afternoon some of the citizens discovered a motion picture company was making scenes

there and ambled over—two of them to watch us. It was all so terribly exciting that I went right to sleep—

I woke up as the train thundered by, with Parrott standing on the track until the last moment when the engine almost touched him, then jumping aside.

"Jimmy! Er—excuse me, 'Paul'," I screamed, while Jobyna closed her eyes and waited for the post-mortem. "You'll be killed. What've you got a double for anyway? Suppose your foot had caught in the rail?"

"That," he answered politely, "would have been the end of my career, wouldn't it?"

A long wait was necessitated because the trained mule became infested with the sleepy air of the township and wouldn't laugh, even when his trainer showed him how. During this recess Parrott helped some kids play "jump the rope" by operating one end of the rope and, upon their importuning him, even essayed a try at the game himself.

The town's one sport came along with his camera and blushing asked us to pose for our pictures, so we grouped about the baggage truck in approved daguerreotype fashion and went down to posterity in his Brownie—unless he was so flustered with Jobyna's big eyes upon him that he forgot to pull down the hickey that snaps the picture. Along about noon another gent hove in sight wearing the most beautiful white beard—I debated with Jobyna upon the possibility of cutting it off and taking it home to stuff a cushion with.

After lunch—when we gave the town's one restaurant the shock of its lethargic life by breezing in, twenty-five of us, bent upon food—we returned to the station. Another appointment calling me back to Hollywood, I left Parrott dodging a train and returned to the busy land of automobiles and accidents.

A Jazz Biography

By CHARLES L. GARTNER

THE villain's the man
Who makes
The hero possible
For
Without villains
To commit
Murderous deeds
Such as
Stealing the papers
Kidnapping the child
And
Torturing the heroine
How could there be
Heroes
To undo
The nefarious work
Walter Long
The Paramount player
And the champion
Fifteen minute egg
Of the screen
Was
Strange to say
Born in a hick town
In New Hampshire
Milford's
The name of the place
And it's like
One of those towns
You see
In Charlie Ray
Pictures
You know
One of those places
That seem to exist
Merely for the convenience
Of the railroad
As a watering place
For the big locomotives
And Long
When he was
A kid
Used to get a thrill
With the rest
Of the seventy-six
Inhabitants
Of the town
By watching
For the "Special"
That used to come
Every third day
And stop
At the tank
For a long drink
And then
Grunt its way
Out of sight
Again
And Walter
Used to dream
Of boarding the "Special"
And going to the city
And becoming
A great actor
And then one day
After Walter
Had received his diploma
From the little schoolhouse
In the next town
He did board
That "Special"
Going to the Big Town



And one cynical old duffer
Said to Walter
As the youngster
Stepped on the train
"You'll never come
To a good end
By leaving your home
And going on the stage"
And the funny part
Of it all
Was
That the old duffer was right
For
From the very beginning
Of his stage career
Walter Long
Has consistently
Been coming
To a "bad end"
Long
Is one
Of the most hissed men
Who ever
Screenically speaking
Blocked the path
Of righteousness and love
After playing
For fifteen years

Upon the stage
Mr. Long "graduated"
To the screen
And proved
To the movie fans
That he was
A great actor
By his
Screen characterization
Of "Gus"
In D. W. Griffith's
"The Clansman"
Since then
He has caused
Movie devotees
Many heartaches
And has brought
The curses of a nation
On his head
By his efforts
In a hundred and one
Pictures
To prevent
The hero
And heroine
From reaching
The Parson
Before being blown
Into Eternity
Or being shot
Or crippled
Or ground up
In a saw-mill
Or something
Like that
But
In the future
Spare your curses
You villain haters
And remember
That although Justice
Is blind
She always finds
The poor bad man
If all of us
Went to the movies
And sympathized
As we should
With the downtrodden
Some day
Perhaps
We shall see
Some theatre
Advertise
The feature
As follows
"See Walter Long
The most oppressed man
In Pictures
Try
For five hectic reels
To eliminate
His rival
For the hand
Of the girl
He loves
P. S. Wallace Reid
Plays the rival."

A Sweetheart Wardrobe

By SUSAN SMALL

HELENE CHADWICK has been called "the sweetheart Girl" of the screen because she so typifies the heroine of the American man's heart. And I found borne out in her clothes the same qualities of girlish allure that so appeal to boys from 16 to 61. "Certainly I devote a lot of time to my clothes," said Helene seriously. "But as for having any 'notions' or 'fads' about them, that's all the bunk. I buy what pleases me—when I can afford it."

After all—doesn't that cover everything?

And the things that cover Helene!—well, any girl would be willing to give up her place on Pa's front-porch, swinging in the hammock with the drugstore clerk, for the privilege of wearing some of the lovely creations that Helene is called upon to don in her charming comedy-dramas.

There's that sweet little afternoon frock of old rose satin, embroidered in silver thread. It's quite simple, this frock—but it cost several hundred dollars.

For sports wear Helene wears the typical California costume—dress of tan jersey, with woolen coat to match and a Marten neckpiece. Her modish riding habit is of black broadcloth. The negligee of her heart—and here all the ladies will just die with envy—is of gold lace over champagne colored chiffon, with girdle of gold. Negligees like this aren't meant to lounge around in, you know; they belong in the show-window of a lingerie shop—except when some one like Helene wears them, for she has that particular gift of seeming at home in a creation of such magnificence. I hesitate to say what it would look like on Jennie Smith, the plump little bride down in Hillsboro!

Helene has two evening-gowns that quarrel for her attention. Her prime favorite for formal dinners is of gray beaded net over gray and peach-colored chiffon, with trimming of gray ostrich feathers. And the other, the one she wears when she feels particularly dignified and grown-up—like when she entertains important folks at dinner, or when she's getting proposed to by a man she doesn't care a hang for but wants to impress just the same—is of blue and black sequins over silver metal cloth. She carries with it a fan of silver and black ostrich. A fan is so impressive, don't you know—and it can be made, with a mere twirl of the wrist, coquettish as well!

After all, it's a Sweetheart Wardrobe. But an ordinary one? By no means!



This elaborate gown is of gray and peach-colored chiffon, trimmed with gray ostrich feathers.



An evening gown of blue and black sequins, over silver metal cloth. A fan of silver and black ostrich completes the costume.



Old rose satin embroidered with silver thread go to make up this little frock.



Here's Helene in a modish riding habit, of broadcloth.



This negligee is of gold lace over champagne-colored chiffon.

A Page By Our Readers

TWO poems written and submitted by Edward J. Morter, 13 South Buffum Street, Worcester, Mass.

A FLAPPER'S WISH

I wish some boy would please this miss,
And give me just one loving kiss;
'Twould fill my heart with joy and bliss,
I'm sure just one he'd never miss.

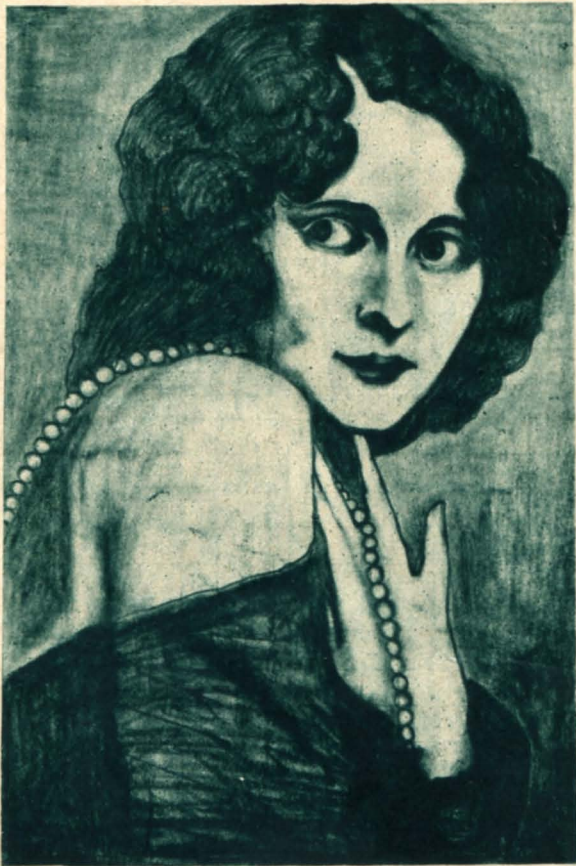
I wish some boy would come my way,
Who'd kiss like actors in a play;
I'd not object to have him stay,
Just long enough to kiss each day.

I wish I was a movie Queen,
To get the kisses I have seen;
You know the kisses that I mean,
The kisses we see on the screen.



A sketch of W. S. Hart, by Mrs. Paul C. Green, of Erwin, Tenn.

AS often as the number of acceptable contributions warrants it PANTOMIME will run a page similar to this, and pay \$1.00 for each contribution used.



The above drawing of Hope Hampton came to Pantomime with a letter written in a foreign language. If the writer can identify himself Pantomime will send him a check for \$1.

IF IT SHOULD HAPPEN

If I should sell a scenario,
I'll tell you on the level;
The shock would kill me, and I'd go
To blazes with the devil.

The person who prepared this forgot to enclose an address. The dollar check will be forwarded upon receipt of the proper address with the name that was signed to it.

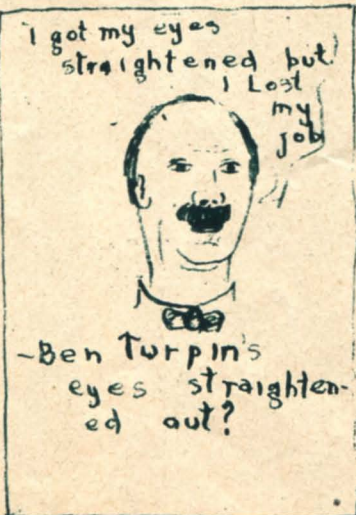
HOW IT STRIKES AN ADMIRER

Picturesque
Artistic
Novel
Timely
Original
Modern
Interesting
Merry
Entertaining



A sketch of Charles Ray, by Eli Marx, 659 38th St., Milwaukee, Wis.

What Would Happen To Art If



BY - James Carter



All Roads Lead to the Movies

By MARGARET MAURICE

HAVEN'T you often wondered where your favorite star came from? Whether she had been an actress all her life or whether she, like you, had followed more "homespun" paths? The screen represents beauty and talent, culled from a hundred fields.



Rodolph Valentino used to be a truck gardener—and later he was a cabaret dancer.

And this expose of their early life may surprise you, in a number of cases. There are a number of circus folks in our midst. Pat O'Malley as a youngster was a tight-rope walker. Pearl White was a trapeze queen for many years and Ford Sterling prepared for the screen—unconsciously—by clowning. Every one remembers Will Rogers' circus didoes. Herbert Rawlinson also enjoyed a brief experience with a "big top."

Monte Blue started the path to fame via a non-greased pick and shovel. To vary the monotony he also sailed before the mast. Among the artists of the plains we have Tom Mix and Buck Jones, and Jack Holt, who bided his time herding cattle on a ranch in Oregon.

We've robbed the law, too—Charles Ogle was educated at the Chicago College of Law, but gave it up in favor of the stage. Douglas MacLean, the son of a minister, studied at the Lewis School of Technology in Chicago—but gave up engineering to buck the stage.

The Lyceum has given us a few—Mrs. Sydney Drew was a Chautauqua lecturer. Edythe Chapman taught elocution at a University. Virginia Pearson was a librarian at Louisville; Both Mary Thurman and Lois Wilson were school-mar'ns. Alice Joyce is, so far as I know, the only quondam telephone operator to achieve fame on the screen.

And, oh, girls! That handsome Jack Mulhall was the original Gibson Man! "But I looked hungrier then," says Jack in defense, trying to live down his past.

The chorus has given us too many to mention—Irene Castle, Marion Davies, Mae Mur-



Pearl White was once a trapeze queen.

ray. Betty Francisco, Shannon Day, Jacqueline Logan, Rubye de Remer, Elsie Ferguson, Ethel Clayton, Katherine MacDonald, Martha Mansfield and hosts of others. Pauline Frederick sang in a Boston music hall before bucking the footlights as a New York coryphee and Billie Burke became popular in the music halls of Europe long before the American stage ever saw her. Carol Dempster, Margaret Loomis, Constance Binney, Ann Pennington and many others of Terpsichore fame have gone into the movies with more or less success.

Alan Crosland ran down the news for the



Lois Wilson used to be a school teacher.

New York Globe. And Cullen Landis was a newspaper reporter in Nashville. Wallie Reid was a newshound, too—and a darn good one, if the opinion of one weak woman counts.

Pills are little things; but they started a number of thespians on the road to the

cinema—Richard Dix was educated in this gentle art but gave it up when he saw his elder brother, a physician, amputate a fellow's arm; Eugene O'Brien saw no future in dishing out prescriptions—that was, you understand, in a B. P. era—and Alan Hale was once an osteopathic physician.



The stage, of course, has given us many of our favorites—from Mary Pickford to good old Theodore Roberts. Jackie Coogan played in vaudeville with his father, doing an adorable little dance. The three Keatons were headliners not so long ago.

Rodolph Valentino also played in vaudeville and on the stage, but was better known as a cabaret dancer. Frank Mayo's classic profile adorned the two-a-day for four years. The Carter de Havens were on vaudeville circuits many years.

It is not generally known that Jane Novak with another girl gave a "song and dance specialty" on a vaudeville circuit. The "specialty" flivvered and Jane almost had to walk home. Betty Compson had better luck in vaudeville—as a violinist. Wanda Hawley was professional pianist for years and Doris May played concert engagements, once accompanying Jan Kubelik. Madge Kennedy, Marie Walcamp and J. Warren Kerrigan were artists. Douglas Fairbanks was a broker, with an imposing office and a mahogany desk 'n' everything. Wilfred North was a sailor and Bill Hart was once a champion pedestrian, walking down all opponents. Harry Myers was an automobile mechanic. Milton Sills used to be a professor of philosophy. Poli Negri was a "saleslady"—dignified term! and Conway Tearle used to be a—prizefighter!

So, grieve not, handsome hero of the plains or before the mast; weep not, fair girlie as you type irascible business men's tiresome letters or sell fat women silk hose—your time may yet come to shine upon the silver-sheet! Remember that all roads lead to the movies!

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WE are making a special offer to readers of PANTOMIME of fifty beautiful rotogravure reproductions of photographs of the most famous stars in motion pictures, all mounted in a beautiful album with imitation leather covers.

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What's The Use of Being Good

(Continued from page 15)

Josephine, for example. She was so wild and naughty that she was able to get more out of 'Nappy' in one minute than a chorus girl can get out of a newly rich Oil Magnate in a year.

"Mr. Griffith was very pleased with my work and told me that as a reward for my efforts he intended to give me the role of the baby Vamp in a new Limehouse story he is contemplating producing when he returns from Europe in the fall. So, you see, there is no hope for me. I went and had myself branded as a Vamp and now no one will let me play anything else.

"I don't really want the public to think me a naughty little girl, because I'm not. After the show, I want to be just plain Fay Marbe, a good little girl from a good family.

"As I told you before, I tried to be nice and sedate, but they wouldn't let me. I had to earn a living, and as my work didn't suit the public I learned to say, 'What's the use of being good, when it's so much more profitable to be bad?'"

FilmLand's Filth

(Continued from page 18)

to be the goat," she almost screamed. "Why are they always trying to make monkeys out of us? I admit I do smoke. And I chew. But that's no reason for all this butting in to

my business. I am a respectable screen actress and minding my own business. Why don't you let me alone?"

"All I got to say is that it's about time you wiseacres laid off listening to the stuff some 'wise guys' write until you have had a chance to prove true the charges they make. And you have no right to print the stuff they write until you do this. So scatt!"

She waved her long arm threatening over me. I hurried down the path and bumped into a sign-post. It was getting dark, but I could barely make out the words "Selig Zoo" on the post. That helped me realize the reason for the wild cries and the groans.

But I'll say nothing about this in the story. That would spoil it. Neither will I say that Mary is one of Selig's chimpanzees. I don't have to—so long as I spill scandal and slap Hollywood!

When Fred Met Dave

(Continued from page 23)

"Because we're Montgomery and Stone!" "Never heard of either of you" said the sleuth.

"Mebbe you didn't," said the confident Dave. "But you will—some day!"

They were brought up for trial on charge of receiving Stolen Property and they spent their first night as partners, together in jail. They were released the next morning, and that same day they got an engagement in the old Clarke Street Museum where they did Sixteen Shows a day—three of them before breakfast—for ten dollars a week.

From Chicago the partners drifted from one city to another, playing at museums, second-rate vaudeville houses, minstrel shows, circuses and small time 'Tab' shows throughout the west, until their clever work was rewarded by a contract from the far-sighted Dillingham.

Soon after the opening of "The Old Town," Dillingham sent for Stone and asked him to sign a contract to be starred alone. Fred wouldn't even consider it.

"You're very kind, Mr. Dillingham," he said, "but you will have to transact all of these matters with my partner, Mr. Montgomery. He's the business man of the firm!"

For years, they went on, becoming more popular with every new show, until, in 1917 when they were getting ready to begin rehearsals for "Jack O' Lantern," Dave was stricken with an illness that finally brought about his death.

And now whenever Mr. Stone is in New York he can be seen on an off Sunday, kneeling beside a well-kept grave, with a tombstone bearing the name of Dave Montgomery.

Doubling Charlie Chaplin

(Continued from page 14)

which blossom on the trees, in the places where nails would be used when they were put into buildings. Thus with the cactus spines already growing there, it would not be necessary to use nails.

"I realize, of course, that this might take two or three seasons of intensive training, but I have great confidence that Connie will be able to accomplish it. As far as I know, she has never yet grown anything at all similar to anything that anyone has ever grown before."

But no matter what the difficulties of the remodeling were, it is nearly finished and Buster has again asserted his originality. Instead of sending out invitations for a formal opening of the new studio, he has issued bid cards for "a grand closing" whenever it "happens to take place."

Incidentally, the workmen on the job figure that Buster had a far more serious motive in sticking around during the remodeling than just keeping them in good humor.

They figure he was working out new "stunts."

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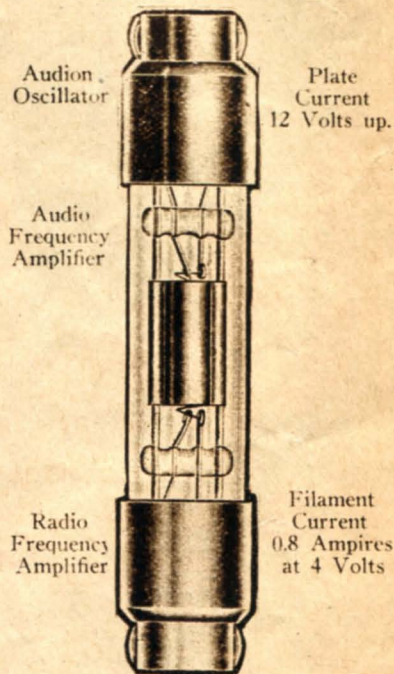
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1600 BROADWAY
NEW YORK.

February 23rd, 1922

Mr. Victor G. Olmsted,
Editor of Pantomime,
1600 Broadway,
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sir:-

Confirming our conversation of even date, relative to the Pantomime Big Four Contest, we submit the following data for your information.

Four young women will be chosen as winners. Each successful contestant will be given a part in the cast in one of the four forthcoming Harry Rapf productions, which will be distributed by Warner Brothers, and will be paid \$100.00 per week for every week employed.

The four forthcoming Warner attractions are:

"From Rags to Riches", featuring Wesley Barry, production to begin May 15th, 1922.

"Little Heroes of the Street", featuring Wesley Barry, production to begin July 1st, 1922.

"Brass", the novel written by Charles G. Norris, production to begin September 1st, 1922.

"Main Street", the novel written by Sinclair Lewis, production to begin October 15th, 1922.

The judges of the Pantomime Big Four Contest will be Messrs. Harry Rapf and S.L. Warner.

Very truly yours,

WARNER BROTHERS

Ladie Bonas,

Director of Advertising & Publicity

The winner of the role in the "Brass" will be selected August 24, and will begin work September 1, 1922.

All Contestants for this role must have their pictures in the office of PANTOMIME not later than August 15, 1922.

The winner of the role in the "Main Street" will be selected October 8, and will begin work October 15, 1922.

All Contestants for this role must have their pictures in the office of PANTOMIME not later than October 1, 1922.

THOSE WHO TRIED FOR THE FIRST ROLE BUT DID NOT WIN WILL ALSO BE CONSIDERED FOR ALL THE OTHER POSITIONS.

HERE IS YOUR BIG CHANCE TO GET IN THE MOVIES. HERE IS YOUR CHANCE TO GET A REAL JOB ALMOST OVER NIGHT.

THERE IS NO CHARGE.

PANTOMIME IS DOING THIS FOR ITS READERS FREE.

REMEMBER, YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE BEAUTIFUL. IF YOU THINK YOU HAVE A "SCREEN FACE" SEND US YOUR PHOTOGRAPHS AND THE COUPON.

PERHAPS YOU WILL REALIZE YOUR DREAM.

OR IF YOU DON'T WANT TO ENTER THE CONTEST YOURSELF, PERHAPS YOU HAVE A FRIEND WHO CAN WIN. GET HER TO ENTER IT. IT'S FREE.

ENTRY BLANK

This blank is printed for your convenience. Plain paper may be used to answer questions.

Name

Street Address

City State

Stage Name

(If you intend adopting one)

Age Height Weight

Color of Eyes Color of Hair

Complexion

Reasons for wanting to get into the movies

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PANTOMIME has made arrangements with Warner Brothers to place four of our readers in the Movies.

One of the four has just been chosen—as you will see elsewhere in the magazine.

But there are three other positions still open

YOU DO NOT HAVE TO BE A BEAUTY TO WIN ONE OF THESE POSITIONS.

Beauty, of course, will not hurt—but it is not essential.

PANTOMIME and Warner Brothers are looking not only for beauty, but for TYPES.

If you think you have a face, and the ability to make a movie actress—in any sort of a role—send your answers to questions on entry blank. Send it to PANTOMIME, together with a photograph of yourself.

Mr. Harry Rapf and Mr. Sam Warner, of the distributing concern, of the productions in which the winners will appear, will be the judges.

That's all there is to it. No fee. No charge of any kind.

Just send a photograph of yourself to PANTOMIME, 1600 Broadway, New York.

Pictures of Contestants will be printed from week to week in PANTOMIME.

Here are the pictures in which the jobs are waiting for you:

LITTLE HEROES OF THE STREET—featuring Wesley Barry.

BRASS—The film version of the novel by Charles Norris.

MAIN STREET—The film version of the novel by Sinclair Lewis.

The winner of the role in "Little Heroes of the Street" will be selected June 24, and will begin work on July 1, 1922.

All Contestants for this role must have their pictures in the office of PANTOMIME not later than June 15, 1922.

This Entry Blank must be accompanied by one or more photographs of the person named in it. One of the photographs must be without a hat. Mark the name and address plainly on the back of each photograph.

Pantomime



Gaston Glass